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THE

WORKS

OF

JAMES THOMSON.

VOL. I.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
63
MAY

THE

WORKS

OF

JAMES THOMSON.

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS

AND

IMPROVEMENTS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST:

CONTAINING

THE SEASONS.

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THE

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SPRING.

AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

MR JAMES THOMSON.

MR *Thomſon* was born at *Ednam*, in the ſhire of *Roxburgh*, on the 11th of *September*, in the year 1700. His father was miniſter of that place: a man little known beyond the narrow circle of his co-preſbyters, and to a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood; but juſtly reſpected by them for his piety, and his diligence in the paſtoral duty. His mother, whoſe maiden name was *Hume*, was co-heireſs of a ſmall eſtate in that country: a perſon of uncommon natural endowments; poſſeſſed of every ſocial and domeſtic virtue; with an imagination,

for vivacity and warmth, ſcarce inferior to her ſon's, and which raiſed her devotional exerciſes to a pitch bordering on enthuſiaſm.

Our author received the rudiments of his education at a private ſchool in the town of *Jedburgh*; and, in the early part of his life, ſo far from appearing to poſſeſs a ſprightly genius, he was conſidered by his ſchoolmaſter, and thoſe who directed his education, as being without even a common ſhare of parts.

But his merit did not long lie concealed. The Reverend Mr *Riccarton*, miniſter of *Hobkirk*, in the ſame preſbytery, a man of uncommon penetration, and good taſte, very ſoon diſcovered, through the rudeneſs of young *Thomſon*'s puerile eſſays, a fund of genius well deſerving culture and encouragement. He undertook, therefore, with the father's approbation, the chief direction of his ſtudies, furniſhed him with the proper books, and corrected his performances.

It is not to be doubted but our young poet greatly improved while under the care of Mr *Riccarton*, who, as he was a philoſophic man, inſpired his mind with a love for the ſciences. Nor were the reverend Gentleman's endeavours in vain; for Mr *Thomſon* has ſhewn, in his works, how well he

he was acquainted with natural and moral philoſophy; a circumſtance which, perhaps, is owing to the early impreſſions he received from Mr *Riccarton*.

Sir *William Bennet* likewiſe, well known for his gay humour and ready poetical wit, was highly delighted with Mr *Thomſon*, and uſed to invite him to paſs the ſummer-vacation at his country-ſeat: a ſcene of life which our author always remembered with particular pleaſure. But what he wrote during that time, either to entertain Sir *William* and Mr *Riccarton*, or for his own amuſement, he deſtroyed every new-year's day; committing his little pieces to the flames, in their due order; and crowning the ſolemnity with a copy of verſes, in which were humouroufly recited the ſeveral grounds of their condemnation.

After ſpending the uſual time at ſchool in the acquiſition of the dead languages, Mr *Thomſon* was removed to the Univerſity of *Edinburgh*. Here, as at the country ſchool, he made no great figure: his companions thought contemptuouſly of him; and the maſters, under whom he ſtudied, had not a higher opinion of our poet's abilities than their pupils.

In the ſecond year after his admiſſion, his ſtudies were for ſome time interrupted by the death of his

father; who was carried off ſo ſuddenly, that it was not poſſible for Mr *Thomſon*, with all the diligence he could uſe, to receive his laſt bleſſing. This affected him to an uncommon degree; and his relations ſtill remember ſome extraordinary inſtances of his grief and filial duty on that occaſion.

Mrs *Thomſon*, burdened as ſhe was with a family of nine children, did not however ſink under this misfortune. She conſulted with her friend, the reverend Mr *Guſthart*, what was moſt proper for her to do in her particular ſituation. This reverend Gentleman, one of the miniſters of *Edinburgh*, and ſenior of the Chapel Royal, was always extremely ſerviceable to her in the management of her little affairs. By his advice, having mortgaged her moiety of the farm of which ſhe was co-heireſs, ſhe repaired with her family to *Edinburgh*, where ſhe lived in a decent and frugal manner, while her favourite ſon was attending his academical courſe.

After having gone through the ſeveral claſſes of philoſophy, Mr *Thomſon* was entered into the divinity hall, as one of the candidates for the miniſtry; where the ſtudents, before they are admitted to probationary trials, muſt give ſix years attendance. The divinity-chair was then filled by the reverend and learned Mr *Hamilton:* a gentleman univerſally reſpected and beloved; and who had particular-

ly

ly endeared himſelf to the young divines under his care, by his kind offices, his candour, and affability. Our author had attended his lectures for about a year, when there was preſcribed to him, for the ſubject of an exerciſe, a pſalm, in which the power and majeſty of God are celebrated. Of this pſalm he gave a paraphraſe and illuſtration, as the nature of the exerciſe required; but in a ſtyle ſo highly poetical as ſurprized the whole audience. Some of his fellow-ſtudents, envying him the ſucceſs of this diſcourſe, and the admiration it procured him, employed their induſtry to trace him as a plagiary; for they could not be perſuaded, that a youth, ſeemingly ſo much removed from the appearance of genius, could compoſe a declamation, in which learning, genius, and judgment had a very great ſhare. Their ſearch however proved fruitleſs; and Mr *Thomſon* continued, while he remained at the univerſity, to poſſeſs the honour of that diſcourſe, without any diminution. Mr *Hamilton* acted a more noble and friendly part: As his cuſtom was, he complimented the orator upon his performance, and pointed out to the ſtudents the moſt ſtriking parts of it; but at laſt, turning to Mr *Thomſon*, he told him, ſmiling, that if he thought of being uſeful in the miniſtry, he muſt keep a ſtricter rein upon his imagination, and expreſs himſelf in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation.

This gave Mr *Thomſon* to underſtand, that his expectations from the ſtudy of theology might be very precarious, even though the Church had been more his free choice than probably it was;-but perhaps he might ſtill have purſued the clerical profeſſion, had not the following accident opened up more extenſive views.

About this time Mr *Thomſon* had wrote a paraphraſe on the 104th pſalm, which, after it had received the approbation of Mr *Riccarton*, he permitted his friends to copy. By ſome means or other this paraphraſe fell into the hands of Mr Auditor *Benſon*, who, expreſſing his admiration of it, ſaid, that he doubted not if the author was in *London*, but he would meet with encouragement equal to his merit. This obſervation of *Benſon's* was communicated to *Thomſon* by a letter, probably from a lady of quality, a friend of his mother's then in *London:* and, no doubt, had its natural influence in inflaming his heart, and haſtening his journey to the metropolis.

Our author went firſt to *Newcaſtle* by land, where he took ſhipping, and landed at *Billinſgate*. When he arrived, it was his immediate care to wait on Mr *Mallet*, who then lived in *Hanover-ſquare*, in the character of private tutor to his Grace the Duke of *Montroſe*, and his brother the Lord *George Graham*,

Graham, ſo well known afterwards as an able and gallant ſea-officer. With this gentleman, though much his junior, our author had contracted an early intimacy when at ſchool, which improved with their years; nor was it ever diſturbed by any caſual miſtake, envy, or jealouſy on either ſide: a proof that two writers of merit may agree, in ſpite of the common obſervation to the contrary.—Before Mr *Thomſon* reached *Hanover-ſquare*, an accident happened to him, which, as it may divert ſome of our readers, we ſhall here inſert.

WHEN our author left *Scotland*, he had received letters of recommendation from a gentleman of rank there, to ſome perſons of diſtinction in *London*, which he had carefully tied up in his pocket-handkerchief. As he ſauntered along the ſtreets, he could not withhold his admiration of the magnitude, opulence, and various objects this great metropolis continually preſented to his view. Theſe muſt naturally have diverted the imagination of a man of leſs reflection; and it is not greatly to be wondered at, if Mr *Thomſon*'s mind was ſo engroſſed by theſe new-preſented ſcenes, as to be abſent to the buſy crowds around him. He often ſtopped to gratify his curioſity, the conſequences of which he afterwards experienced. With an honeſt ſimplicity of heart, unſuſpecting, as unknowing of guilt, he was ten times longer in reaching *Hanover-ſquare*, than one leſs ſenſible and

and curious would have been. When he arrived, he found he had paid for his curioſity; his pocket was picked of his handkerchief, and all the letters that were wrapt up in it. This accident would have proved very mortifying to a man leſs philoſophical than Mr *Thomſon:* but he was of a temper never to be agitated; he then ſmiled at it, and frequently made his companions laugh at the relation.

Mr *Thomſon*, upon his coming to *London*, was likewiſe very kindly received by Mr *Forbes*, afterwards Lord Preſident of the Seſſion, then attending the ſervice of Parliament; who, having ſeen a ſpecimen of his poetry in *Scotland*, was highly delighted with our author's genius, and recommended him to ſome of his friends; particularly to Mr *Aikman*, who lived in great intimacy with many perſons of diſtinguiſhed rank and worth. This gentleman, from a connoiſſeur in painting, was become a profeſſed painter; and his taſte being no leſs juſt and delicate in the kindred art of deſcriptive poetry, than in his own, no wonder that he ſoon conceived a friendſhip for our author. With what a warm return he met with, and how Mr *Thomſon* was affected by his friend's premature death, appears in the copy of verſes which he wrote on that occaſion.

In the mean time, our author's reception, wherever he was introduced, emboldened him to risk the publication of his *Winter*: in which, as himself was a novice in such matters, he was kindly assisted by Mr *Mallet*. This poem, the first finished of all the seasons, and the first performance he published, was originally wrote in detached pieces, or occasional descriptions. It was by the advice of Mr *Mallet* they were made into one connected piece; and it was by the farther advice, and at the earnest request of this gentleman, he wrote the other three seasons.

The approbation the poem of *Winter* might meet with from some of our Author's friends, was not, however, a sufficient recommendation to introduce it to the world. He had the mortification of offering it to several booksellers without success, who perhaps, not being themselves qualified to judge of the merit of the performance, refused to risk the necessary expences on the work of an obscure stranger, whose name could be no recommendation to it. These were severe repulses: but, at last, the difficulty was surmounted. Mr *Mallet* offered it to Mr *Millar*, afterwards bookseller in the *Strand*, who, without making any scruples, readily printed it. For some time Mr *Millar* had reason to believe that he should be a loser by his frankness; for the impression lay like waste-

waſte paper on his hands, few copies being ſold, till by an accident its merit was diſcovered. One Mr *Whatley*, a man of ſome taſte in letters, but perfectly enthuſiaſtic in the admiration of any thing which pleaſed him, happened to caſt his eyes upon it; and, finding ſomething which delighted him, peruſed the whole, not without growing aſtoniſhment, that the poem ſhould be unknown, and the author obſcure. In the ecſtaſy of his admiration, he went from coffee-houſe to coffee-houſe, pointing out its beauties, and calling upon all men of taſte, to exert themſelves in reſcuing from obſcurity one of the greateſt geniuſſes that ever appeared. This had a very happy effect; for, in a ſhort time, the impreſſion was bought up. Nor had theſe who read the poem any reaſon to complain of Mr *Whatley*'s exaggeration; for they found it ſo completely beautiful, that they could not but think themſelves happy, in doing juſtice to a man of ſo much merit. Such heretofore was the fate of the great *Milton*, whoſe works were only found in the libraries of the curious, or judicious few, till *Addiſon*'s remarks ſpread a taſte for them; and, at length, it became unfaſhionable not to have read them.

As ſoon as the poem of *Winter* was publiſhed, Mr *Thomſon* ſent a copy of it as a preſent to Mr *Joſeph Mitchell*, his countryman, and brother-poet, who

who, not liking many parts of it, incloſed to him the following couplet:

Beauties and *faults* ſo thick lie ſcattered here,
Thoſe I could read, if *theſe* were not ſo near.

To which Mr *Thomſon* anſwered extempore:

Why all not *faults?* injurious *Mitchell*, why
Appears one *beauty* to thy *blaſted* eye?
Damnation worſe than thine, if worſe can be,
Is all I aſk, and all I want from thee.

Upon a friend's remonſtrating to Mr *Thomſon*, that the expreſſion of *blaſted eye*, would look like a perſonal reflection, as Mr *Mitchell* had really that misfortune, he changed the epithet *blaſted* into *blaſting*.—But to return:

The poem of *Winter* is, perhaps, the moſt finiſhed, as well as moſt pictureſque, of any of the four ſeaſons: The ſcenes are grand and lively; it is in that ſeaſon that the creation appears in diſtreſs, and nature aſſumes a melancholy air; and an imagination ſo poetical as Mr *Thomſon*'s, was admirably fitted to paint thoſe *vapours*, and *ſtorms*, and *clouds*, the very deſcription of which fill the ſoul with ſolemn dread. It is told of Mr *Riccarton*, that when he firſt ſaw this poem, which was in a bookſeller's ſhop in *Edinburgh*, he

he ſtood amazed; and, after he had read the ſublime introductory lines, he dropt the poem from his hand, in an ecſtacy of admiration. Mr *Thomſon*'s digreſſions too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charm the reader no leſs; leaving him in doubt, whether he ſhould more admire the *poet*, or love the *man*.

From this time Mr *Thomſon*'s acquaintance was courted by all men of taſte; and ſeveral ladies of high rank and diſtinction became his declared patroneſſes; among which were the Counteſs of *Hartford*, Miſs *Drelincourt*, afterwards Viſcounteſs *Primroſe*, Mrs *Stanley*, and others. But the chief happineſs which his *Winter* procured him was, that it brought him acquainted with Dr *Rundle*, afterwards Lord Biſhop of *Derry*; who, upon converſing with our author, and finding in him qualities greater ſtill, and of more value, than thoſe of a poet, received him into an intimate confidence and friendſhip; promoted his character every where; introduced him to his great friend Lord Chancellor *Talbot*; and ſome years after, when the eldeſt ſon of that nobleman was to make the tour of *Europe*, recommended Mr *Thomſon* as a proper companion for him. His affection and gratitude to Dr *Rundle*, and his indignation at the treatment that worthy prelate had met with, are finely expreſſed in his poem to the memory of Lord *Talbot*. The true cauſe

cauſe of that undeſerved treatment has been ſecreted from the public, as well as the dark *manœuvres* that were employed: but our author, who had the beſt information, places it to the account of

——*Slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,*
Jealous of worth————

The poem of *Winter* meeting with ſuch general applauſe, Mr *Thomſon* was induced to write the other three *Seaſons*, which he finiſhed with equal ſucceſs. *Summer* made its firſt appearance in the year 1727; *Spring*, in the beginning of the following year; and *Autumn*, in a quarto edition of his works, printed in 1730. In that edition, the *Seaſons* are placed in their natural order; and crowned with that inimitable *Hymn*, in which we view them in their beautiful ſucceſſion, as *one whole*, the *immediate* effect of infinite *Power* and *Goodneſs*.

Summer has many manly and ſtriking beauties; in particular, the *Hymn to the Sun*, in which ſome hints are taken from Mr *Cowley*'s hymn to Light, is one of the ſublimeſt and moſt maſterly efforts of genius we have ever ſeen.—The introduction to *Spring* is very poetical; and the deſcriptions in

this poem are mild, like the ſeaſon they paint.—*Autumn* ſeems to be the moſt unfiniſhed of the four ſeaſons. It is not, however, without its beauties; of which many have conſidered the ſtory of *Lavinia*, naturally and artfully introduced, as the moſt affecting. The ſtory is in itſelf moving and tender; and it is perhaps no diminution to this beautiful tale, that the hint of it is taken from the book of *Ruth* in the Old Teſtament.

As we would not willingly paſs over any thing concerning our author, we beg leave to relate the following anecdote, though omitted both by Mr *Cibber* and Mr *Murdoch*.

When Mr *Thomſon* firſt came to *London*, he was in very narrow circumſtances; and, before he was diſtinguiſhed by his writings, was many times put to his ſhifts even for a dinner. The debts he then contracted lay very heavy upon him for a long time afterwards; and, upon the publication of the *Seaſons*, one of his creditors arreſted him, thinking that a proper opportunity to get his money. The report of this misfortune happened to reach the ears of Mr *Quin*, who had indeed read the *Seaſons*, but had never ſeen their author; and, upon ſtricter inquiry, he was told, that Mr *Thomſon* was in the bailiff's hands, at a ſpunging-houſe in *Holburn*. Thither

Thither *Quin* went; and, being admitted into his chamber, "Sir," ſaid he, in his uſual tone of voice, "You don't know me, I believe; but my name is "*Quin*." Mr *Thomſon* received him very politely, and ſaid, that though he could not boaſt of the honour of a perſonal acquaintance, he was no ſtranger either to his name or his merit; and very obligingly invited him to ſit down. *Quin* then told him he was come to ſup with him; and that he had already ordered the cook to provide ſupper, which he hoped he would excuſe. Mr *Thomſon* made the proper reply; and then the diſcourſe turned indifferently upon ſubjects of literature. When the ſupper was over, and the glaſs had gone briſkly about, Mr *Quin* then took occaſion to explain himſelf, by ſaying it was now time to enter upon buſineſs. Mr *Thomſon* declared, he was ready to ſerve him as far as his capacity would reach, in any thing he ſhould command, (thinking he was come about ſome affair relating to the drama). "Sir," ſays Mr *Quin*, "you miſtake my meaning; I owe you an hundred "pounds, and I am come to pay you." Mr *Thomſon*, with a diſconſolate air, replied, That as he was a gentleman whom, to his knowledge, he had never offended, he wondered he ſhould ſeek an opportunity to reproach him under his misfortunes. "No, by G—d," ſaid *Quin*, raiſing his voice, "I'll be damn'd before I "would do that. I ſay, I owe you an hundred pounds,

" and there it is," (laying a bank-note of that value before him). Mr *Thomſon* was aſtoniſhed, and begged he would explain himſelf. " Why," ſays *Quin*, " I'll " tell you: Soon after I had read your *Seaſons*, I took " it into my head, that, as I had ſomething in the " world to leave behind me when I died, I would " make my will; and, among the reſt of my legatees, " I ſet down the author of the *Seaſons* an hundred " pounds; and this day, hearing that you was in this " houſe, I thought I might as well have the pleaſure " of paying the money myſelf, as to order my execu- " tors to pay it, when perhaps you might have leſs " need of it: And this, Mr *Thomſon*, is the buſineſs I " came about." It is needleſs to expreſs Mr *Thomſon*'s grateful acknowledgments; we ſhall leave every reader to conceive them.

In the year 1727, Mr *Thomſon* publiſhed his poem to the memory of Sir *Iſaac Newton*, then lately deceaſed; containing a deſerved encomium of that incomparable man, with an account of his chief diſcoveries. This poem is ſublimely poetical; and yet ſo juſt, that an ingenious foreigner, the Count *Algarotti*, takes a line of it for the text of his philoſophical dialogues: This was in part owing to the aſſiſtance he had of his friend Mr *Gray*, a gentleman well verſed in the *Newtonian Philoſophy*,

ſophy, who, on that occaſion, gave him a very exact, though general abſtract of its principles.

At this time the reſentment of our merchants againſt the *Spaniards*, for interrupting their trade in *America*, running very high, our author zealouſly took part in it, and wrote his *Britannia*, to rouſe the nation to revenge. Although this poem may be the leſs read that its ſubject was but accidental and temporary, the ſpirited generous ſentiments that enrich it can never be out of ſeaſon: they will at leaſt remain a monument of that love of his country, that *devotion to the public*, which he is ever inculcating as the perfection of virtue, and which none ever felt more pure or more intenſe than himſelf.

Our author's poetical ſtudies were now to be interrupted, or rather improved, by his attendance on the honourable Mr *Charles Talbot* on his travels. With this accompliſhed young nobleman, Mr *Thomſon* viſited moſt of the courts and capital cities of *Europe*; and, having ſtaid abroad about three years, returned with his views greatly enlarged: not of exterior nature only, and the works of art; but of human life and manners, their connections, and their religious inſtitutions. How particular and judicious his obſervations were, we ſee in

his poem of *Liberty*, begun ſoon after his return to *England*. We ſee, at the ſame time, to what a high pitch the love of his country was raiſed, by the compariſons he had all along been making of our happy well-poiſed government with thoſe of other nations. To inſpire his fellow-ſubjects with the like ſentiments; and to ſhew them by what means the precious freedom we enjoy may be preſerved, and how it may be abuſed or loſt; he employed two years of his life in compoſing that noble work: upon which, conſcious of the importance and dignity of the ſubject, he valued himſelf more than upon all his other writings.

While Mr *Thomſon* was writing the firſt part of this poem, he received a moſt ſevere ſhock, by the death of his noble friend and fellow-traveller, in the year 1734: which was ſoon followed by another, that was ſeverer ſtill, and of more general concern, the death of Lord *Talbot* himſelf; which Mr *Thomſon* ſo pathetically and ſo juſtly laments in the poem dedicated to his memory.

By this event, Mr *Thomſon* found himſelf, from an eaſy competency, reduced to a ſtate of precarious dependence, in which he paſſed the remainder of his life; excepting only the two laſt years of it, during

ring which he enjoyed the place of Surveyor-General of the *Leeward-iſlands*, procured for him by the generous friendſhip of my Lord *Lyttleton*.

Immediately upon his return to *England* with Mr *Charles Talbot*, the Chancellor, in recompence of the care he had taken in forming the mind of his ſon, had made him his ſecretary of briefs; a place requiring little attendance, ſuiting his retired indolent way of life, and equal to all his wants. This place fell with his patron; and although the noble Lord who ſucceeded to Lord *Talbot* in office, kept it vacant for ſome time, always expecting when Mr *Thomſon* ſhould apply for it, he was ſo diſpirited, and ſo liſtleſs to every concern of that kind, that he never took one ſtep in the affair. By this unaccountable indolence, the place which he might have enjoyed with ſo little trouble, was beſtowed upon another.

Yet could not his genius be depreſſed, or his temper hurt, by this reverſe of fortune: He reſumed, with time, his uſual cheerfulneſs; nor did he abate one article in his way of living, which, though ſimple, was genial and elegant. Mr *Millar* was always at hand to anſwer, or even to prevent his demands; and he had a friend or two beſides, whoſe hearts, he knew, were not contracted by the ample fortunes they

they had acquired, who would of themſelves interpoſe, if they ſaw any occaſion for it.

But his chief dependence, during this long interval, was on the protection and bounty of his *Royal Highneſs* Frederick Prince of *Wales*; who, upon the recommendation of Lord *Lyttleton*, then his chief favourite, ſettled on him a handſome allowance. A circumſtance, which does equal honour to the patron and the poet, ought not here to be omitted; that my Lord *Littleton*'s recommendation came altogether unſolicited, and long before Mr *Thomſon* was perſonally known to him.

Among the lateſt of Mr *Thomſon*'s productions, is his *Caſtle of Indolence*. It was, at firſt, little more than a few detached ſtanzas, in the way of raillery on himſelf, and on ſome of his friends, who would reproach him with indolence; while he thought them, at leaſt, as indolent as himſelf. But he ſaw very ſoon, that the ſubject deſerved to be treated more ſeriouſly, and in a form fit to convey one of the moſt important moral leſſons. It is written in imitation of *Spenſer*'s ſtyle; and the obſolete words, with the ſimplicity of diction in ſome of the lines, ſometimes bordering on the ludicrous, were thought neceſſary to make the imitation more perfect.

We

We ſhall now conſider Mr *Thomſon* as a dramatic writer.

In the year 1729, about five years after he had been in *London*, he brought upon the ſtage his tragedy of *Sophoniſba*, built upon the Carthaginian hiſtory of that princeſs; upon which the famous *Nathaniel Lee* has likewiſe written a tragedy. This play met with a very favourable reception from the public.—We muſt not here omit two anecdotes which happened the firſt night of the repreſentation.

Mr *Thomſon*, it ſeems, made one of his characters addreſs *Sophoniſba* in the following words:

O! *Sophoniſba*, *Sophoniſba*, Oh!

Upon which a ſmart from the pit immediately cried out,

Oh! *Jamie Thomſon*, *Jamie Thomſon*, Oh!

However ill-natured this critic might be, in interrupting the action of the play for the ſake of a joke; yet it is certain, that the line ridiculed does partake of the falſe pathetic, and ſhould be a warning to tragic poets to guard againſt the ſwelling ſtyle;

ſtyle; for, by aiming at the ſublime, they are often betrayed into the bombaſt. This line, however, has been ſince changed by our author for one leſs exceptionable.

As Mr *Thomſon* could not but feel all the emotions and ſolicitudes of a young author the firſt night of his play, he wanted to place himſelf in ſome obſcure part of the houſe, where he might ſee the repreſentation to the beſt advantage, without being known as the poet. He accordingly ſeated himſelf in the upper gallery. But ſuch was the power of nature in him, that he could not help repeating the parts along with the players; and would ſometimes whiſper to himſelf, "Now ſuch a ſcene is to open;" by which he was ſoon diſcovered to be the author, by ſome gentlemen, who could not, on account of the great croud, be ſituated in any other part of the houſe.

After an interval of about nine years, Mr *Thomſon* exhibited to the public his ſecond tragedy, called *Agamemnon*. Mr *Pope* acted a very friendly part to Mr *Thomſon* on this occaſion: he not only wrote two letters in its favour to the managers, but honoured the repreſentation on the firſt night with his preſence; which, as he had not been for ſome time at a play, was conſidered as a very great inſtance

ſtance of eſteem. The profits ariſing from this play were very conſiderable; and afforded him a very ſeaſonable ſupply after he had loſt his office by the death of Lord *Talbot*, and was ſtill out of place.

In the year 1739, Mr *Thomſon* offered to the ſtage his tragedy of *Edward* and *Elconora*; but, for political reaſons, it was forbid to be acted. The favour of his Royal Highneſs the Prince of *Wales* was, in this one inſtance, of ſome prejudice to our author. For though this play contains not a line which could juſtly give offence; yet the miniſtry, ſtill ſore from certain paſquinades, which had lately produced the ſtage-act; and as little ſatisfied with that Prince's political conduct, as he was with their management of the public affairs; would not riſk the repreſentation of a piece written under his eye, and, they might probably think, by his command.

This refuſal drew after it another; and in a way which, as it is related, was rather ludicrous. Mr *Paterſon*, a companion of Mr *Thomſon*, afterwards his *deputy*, and then his *ſucceſſor* in the general-ſurveyorſhip, uſed to write out fair copies for his friend, when ſuch were wanted for the preſs or for the ſtage. This gentleman likewiſe courted the tragic muſe; and had taken for his ſubject the ſtory of *Arminius* the *German* hero.

But

But this play, guiltleſs as it was, being preſented for a licenſe, no ſooner had the *cenſor* caſt his eyes on the hand-writing in which he had ſeen *Edward* and *Eleonora*, than he cried out, Away with it! and the author's profits were reduced to what his bookſeller could afford for a tragedy in diſtreſs.

By the command of his Royal Highneſs the Prince of *Wales*, Mr *Thomſon*, in conjunction with Mr *Mallet*, wrote the *Maſque* of *Alfred*, for the entertainment of his Royal Highneſs's court at his ſummer-reſidence. This piece, with ſome alterations, and the muſic new, has been ſince brought upon the ſtage by Mr *Mallet*, in the year 1751; but the edition now publiſhed is from the original, as it was acted at *Cliſden* gardens in the year 1740, on the birth-day of her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs *Auguſta*.

Mr *Thomſon*'s next dramatic performance was his *Tancred* and *Sigiſmunda*, acted with applauſe in the year 1745. The plot is borrowed from a ſtory in the celebrated romance of *Gil Blas*: the fable is very intereſting; the characters are few, but active; and the attention is never ſuffered to wander. This ſucceeded beyond any other of Mr *Thomſon*'s plays; and, from the deep romantic diſtreſs of the lovers, ſtill continues to draw croud-

ed

ed houſes. The ſucceſs of this piece was indeed inſured from the firſt by Mr *Garrick* and Mrs *Cibber* their appearing in the principal characters; which they heightened and adorned with all the magic of their never-failling art.

This was the laſt play Mr *Thomſon* himſelf publiſhed, his tragedy of *Coriolanus* being only prepared for the theatre, when a fatal accident robbed the world of one of the beſt men, and beſt poets, that ever lived in it.

He had always been a timorous horſeman; and more ſo, in a road where numbers of giddy or unſkilful riders are continually paſſing; ſo that when the weather did not invite him to go by water, he would commonly walk the diſtance between *London* and *Richmond* with any acquaintance that offered; with whom he might chat, and reſt himſelf, or perhaps dine, by the way. One ſummer evening, being alone, in his walk from town to *Hammerſmith*, he had over-heated himſelf, and, in that condition, imprudently took a boat to carry him to *Kew*; apprehending no bad conſequence from the chill air on the river, which his walk to his houſe, at the upper end of *Kew-lane*, had always hitherto prevented. But, now, the cold had ſo ſeized him, that next day he found himſelf in a high fever, ſo much

much the more to be dreaded that he was of a full habit. This however, by the uſe of proper medicines, was removed, ſo that he was thought to be out of danger: but the fine weather having tempted him once more to expoſe himſelf to the evening dews, his fever returned with violence, and with ſuch ſymptoms as left no hopes of a cure. Two days had paſſed before his relapſe was known in town; at laſt, Mr *Mitchell* and Mr *Reid*, with Dr *Armſtrong*, being informed of it, poſted out at midnight to his aſſiſtance; but, alas! came only to endure a ſight of all others the moſt ſhocking to nature, the laſt agonies of their beloved friend. This lamented death happened on the 27th day of *Auguſt*, 1748.

His teſtamentary executors were, the Lord *Lyttleton*, whoſe care of our poet's fortune and fame ceaſed not with his life; and Mr *Mitchell*, a gentleman equally noted for the truth and conſtancy of his private friendſhips, and for his addreſs and ſpirit as a public miniſter. By their united intereſt, the orphan play of *Coriolanus* was brought on the ſtage, to the beſt advantage. The profits ariſing from this play, and from the ſale of manuſcripts, and other effects, more than ſatisfied all demands; ſo that a very handſome ſum was remitted to his ſiſters in *Scotland*. My Lord *Lyttleton*'s prologue

prologue to this piece was admired as one of the beſt that had ever been *written*: The beſt *ſpoken* it certainly was. Mr *Quin* was the particular friend of Mr *Thomſon*; and when he ſpoke the following lines, which are in themſelves very tender, all the endearments of a long acquaintaince roſe at once to his imagination, while the tears guſhed from his eyes.

He lov'd his friends, (forgive this guſhing tear:
Alas! I feel I am no actor here:)
He lov'd his friends with ſuch a warmth of heart,
So clear of intereſt, ſo devoid of art;
Such generous freedom, ſuch unſhaken zeal;
No words can ſpeak it, but our tears may tell.

The beautiful break in theſe lines had a fine effect in ſpeaking. Mr *Quin* here excelled himſelf: nor did he ever appear ſo great an actor, as at this inſtant when he declared himſelf none.

Mr *Thomſon*'s remains were depoſited in the church of *Richmond*, under a plain ſtone, without any inſcription. It was not till the year 1762, that the noble deſign was propoſed, to erect for him a funeral monument in *Weſtminiſter-Abbey*. In order to defray the neceſſary expence of this undertaking, Mr *A. Millar* publiſhed by ſubſcription a ſplendid edition of our author's works in 4to, the entire

profits of which he cheerfully dedicated to this purpose: and it was further propoſed, that any remaining ſum, after paying all expences, ſhould be remitted to his relations. This generous publication met with deſerved encouragement. His preſent Majeſty, her royal Highneſs the Princeſs Dowager of *Wales*, his royal Highneſs the Duke of *York*, and the principal nobility and gentry in *Great Britain*, appear among the liſt of ſubſcribers. Nor muſt we omit taking notice that, Madam *Bontems*, a *French* lady, who has obliged the world with a tranſlation of the *Seaſons* into her own language, (a tranſlation equally faithful and elegant) deſired likewiſe to be a ſubſcriber to this edition of Mr *Thomſon*'s works.——It was however unlucky, that by a well-intended, though ill-judged parſimony, the execution of this work was committed to an inferior artiſt, who erected a monument, not indeed deſtitute of merit, but from which neither our author, nor the *Abbey*, nor the preſent age, will derive any honour.

It is pretty ſtrange, that upon the death of Mr *Thomſon*, his brother-poets did not at all exert themſelves, as they had lately done for one who had been the terror of poets all his lifetime. This ſilence furniſhed matter to one of his friends for an excellent ſatirical epigram, which we are ſorry

we cannot give the reader. Only one gentleman, Mr *Collins*, who had lived ſome time at *Richmond*, but forſook it when Mr *Thomſon* died, wrote an ode to his memory. This, for the dirge-like melancholy it breathes, and the warmth of affection that ſeems to have dictated it, we ſhall ſubjoin to the preſent account.

Our author himſelf hints ſomewhere in his works, that his exterior was not the moſt promiſing. His make was indeed rather robuſt than graceful; though it is known, that, in his youth, he had been thought handſome. His worſt appearance was, when you ſaw him walking alone, in a thoughtful mood: but let a friend accoſt him, and enter into converſation, he would inſtantly brighten in a moſt amiable aſpect, his features no longer the ſame, and his eye darting a peculiar animated fire. The caſe was much the ſame in company; where, if it was mixed, or very numerous, he made but an indifferent figure: but with a few ſelect friends, he was open, ſprightly, and entertaining. His wit flowed freely, but pertinently, and at due intervals, leaving room for every one to contribute his ſhare. Such was his extreme ſenſibility, ſo perfect the harmony of his organs with the ſentiments of his mind, that his looks always announced, and half expreſſed, what he was about to ſay; and his voice cor-

reſponded exactly to the manner and degree in which he was affected. This ſenſibility had one inconvenience attending it, that it rendered him the very worſt reader of good poetry. A *Jonnet*, or a copy of tame verſes, he could manage pretty well, or even improve them in the reading; but a paſſage of *Virgil*, *Milton*, or *Shakeſpeare*, would ſometimes quite oppreſs him, that you could hear little elſe than ſome ill-articulated ſounds, riſing as from the bottom of his breaſt.

The Autumn was his favourite ſeaſon for poetical compoſition, and the deep ſilence of the night the time he commonly choſe for ſuch ſtudies; ſo that he would often be heard walking in his library till near morning, humming over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out next day.

The amuſements of his leiſure hours were civil and natural hiſtory, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the moſt authentic he could procure: and had his ſituation favoured it, he would certainly have excelled in gardening, agriculture, and every rural improvement and exercíſe. Although he performed on no inſtrument, he was paſſionately fond of *muſic*, and would ſometimes liſten a full hour at his window to the nightingales in *Richmond* gardens. Nor was his taſte leſs exquiſite in the arts of

painting, *ſculpture*, and *architecture*. In his travels, he had ſeen all the moſt celebrated monuments of antiquity, and the beſt productions of modern art; and ſtudied them ſo minutely, and with ſo true a judgment, that in ſome of his deſcriptions in the poem of *Liberty*, we have the maſter-pieces there mentioned, placed in a ſtronger light perhaps than if we ſaw them with our eyes. His collection of prints, and ſome drawings from the antique, came afterwards in the poſſeſſion of his friend Mr *Gray* of *Richmond-Hill*.

As for his more diſtinguiſhing qualities of *mind* and *heart*, they are better repreſented in his writings than they can be by the pen of any biographer. There, his love of mankind, of his country and friends; his devotion to the *Supreme Being*, founded on the moſt elevated and juſt conceptions of his operations and providence, ſhine out in every page. His tenderneſs of heart was unbounded, extending even to the brute-creation. He had a grateful ſoul, always ready to acknowledge a favour received: nor did he ever forget his old benefactors, notwithſtanding a long abſence, new acquaintance, or additional eminence; of which the following inſtance cannot be unacceptable to the reader:

Some time before Mr *Thomſon*'s fatal illneſs, a gentleman inquired for him at his houſe in *Kew-lane*,

lane, near *Richmond*, where he then lived. This gentleman had been his acquaintance when very young, and proved to be Dr *Guſthart*, the ſon of the Reverend Mr *Guſthart* formerly mentioned, who had been Mr *Thomſon*'s patron in the early part of his life. The viſitor ſent not in his name; but only intimated to the ſervant, that an old acquaintance deſired to ſee Mr *Thomſon*. Mr *Thomſon* came forward to receive him; and looking ſtedfaſtly at him (for they had not ſeen one another for many years), ſaid, "I'roth Sir, I cannot ſay I ken your "countenance well. Let me therefore crave your "name." Which the gentleman no ſooner mentioned, than the tears guſhed from Mr *Thomſon*'s eyes. He could only reply, "Good God! are you "the ſon of my dear friend, my old benefactor?" and then, ruſhing to his arms, he tenderly embraced him, rejoicing at ſo unexpected a meeting.

Such was the *heart* of Mr *Thomſon*, whoſe life was as inoffenſive as his page was moral: For of all our poets, he is the fartheſt removed from whatever has even the appearance of undecency; and, as my Lord *Lyttleton* happily expreſſes it in his prologue to *Coriolanus*,

——His chaſte muſe employ'd her heav'n-taught lyre
None but the nobleſt paſſions to inſpire:
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which dying he could wiſh to blot.

Edin. July 28. 1768.

ODE

O D E

ON THE

DEATH of Mr THOMSON.

By Mr COLLINS.

The ſcene of the following ſtanzas is ſuppoſed to lie on the *Thames* near *Richmond*.

I.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies
Where ſlowly winds the ſtealing wave!
The year's beſt ſweets ſhall duteous riſe
To deck its Poet's ſylvan grave!

II.

In yon deep bed of whiſp'ring reeds
His airy harp * ſhall now be laid,
That he, whoſe heart in ſorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the ſoothing ſhade.

* The harp of ÆOLUS, of which ſee a deſcription in the CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

Then

III.

Then maids and youths ſhall linger here,
And while its ſounds at diſtance ſwell,
Shall ſadly ſeem in Pity's ear,
To hear the Woodland Pilgrim's knell.

IV.

Remembrance oft ſhall haunt the ſhore
When Thames in ſummer wreaths is dreſt,
And oft ſuſpend the daſhing oar
To bid his gentle ſpirit reſt!

V.

And oft as Eaſe and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or foreſt deep,
The friend ſhall view yon whitening ‡ ſpire,
And 'mid the varied landſcape weep.

VI.

But Thou, who own'ſt that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity ſhed
That mourn beneath the gliding ſail!

‡ Richmond Church.

Yet

VII.

Yet lives there one, whoſe heedleſs eye
Shall ſcorn thy pale ſhrine glimm'ring near?
With him, ſweet bard, may Fancy die,
And joy deſert the blooming year.

VIII.

But thou, lorn ſtream, whoſe ſullen tide
No ſedge-crown'd Siſters now attend,
Now waſt me from the green hill's ſide
Whoſe cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

And ſee, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the ſolemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted ſhade,
Meek Nature's Child, again adieu!

X.

The genial meads aſſign'd to bleſs
Thy life, ſhall mourn thy early doom:
Their hinds, and ſhepherd-girls ſhall dreſs
With ſimple hands thy rural tomb.

Long,

XI.

Long, long, thy ſtone, and pointed clay,
Shall melt the muſing Briton's eyes;
O! vales, and wild woods, ſhall He ſay,
In yonder grave Your Druid lies!

THE

15
63
MAY

Spring

SPRING.

The Argument.

The ſubject propoſed. Inſcribed to the Counteſs of Hartford. *The Seaſon is deſcribed as it affects the various parts of Nature, aſcending from the lower to the higher; with digreſſions ariſing from the ſubject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and laſt on Man: concluding with a diſſuaſive from the wild and irregular paſſion of Love, oppoſed to that of a pure and happy kind.*

SPRING.

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal Mildneſs, come,
And from the boſom of yon dropping cloud,
While muſic wakes around, veil'd in a ſhow'r
Of ſhadowing roſes, on our plains deſcend.

O HARTFORD, fitted or to ſhine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In ſoft aſſemblage, liſten to my ſong,
Which thy own Seaſon paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

AND ſee where ſurly WINTER paſſes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blaſts:
His blaſts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The ſhatt'red foreſt, and the ravag'd vale;
While ſofter gales ſucceed, at whoſe kind touch,
Diſſolving ſnows in livid torrents loſt,
The mountains lift their green heads to the ſky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And WINTER oft at eve reſumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving ſleets
Deform the day delightleſs: ſo that ſcarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulpht

To ſhake the ſounding marſh; or from the ſhore
The plovers when to ſcatter o'er the heath,
And ſing their wild notes to the liſt'ning waſte.

At laſt from *Aries* rolls the bounteous ſun,
And the bright *Bull* receives him. Then no more
Th' expanſive atmoſphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying ſoul,
Lifts the light clouds ſublime, and ſpreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all-ſurrounding heav'n.

Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving ſoftneſs ſtrays.
Joyous, th' impatient huſbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his luſty ſteers
Drives from their ſtalls, to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, looſen'd from the froſt.
There, unrefuſing, to the harneſs'd yoke
They lend their ſhoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the ſimple ſong and ſoaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the ſhining ſhare
The maſter leans, removes the obſtructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and ſidelong lays the glebe.

White thro' the neighb'ring fields the ſower ſtalks,
With meaſur'd ſtep; and lib'ral throws the grain
Into the faithful boſom of the ground:
The harrow follows harſh, and ſhuts the ſcene.

Be gracious, Heav'n! for now laborious Man
Has done his part. Ye foſt'ring breezes, blow!

Ye

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 63 MAY

Ye ſoft'ning dews, ye tender ſhow'rs, deſcend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving ſun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and eaſe, in pomp and pride,
Think theſe loſt themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as theſe the *rural* MARO ſung
To wide imperial ROME, in the full height
Of elegance and taſte, by GREECE refin'd.
In ancient times the ſacred plough employ'd
The kings and awful fathers of mankind:
And ſome, with whom compar'd your inſect-tribes
Are but the beings of a ſummer's day,
Have held the ſcale of empire, rul'd the ſtorm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
Diſdaining little delicacies, ſeiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.

Ye gen'rous BRITONS, venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn ſpread his treaſures to the ſun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the ſea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thouſand ſhores
Waſts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with ſuperior boon may your rich ſoil,
Exuberant, Nature's better bleſſings pour
O'er ev'ry land, the naked nations clothe,
And be th' exhauſtleſs-granary of a world!

Nor only thro' the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative ſun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, ſets the ſteaming *Power*
At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay *Green!*
Thou ſmiling Nature's univerſal robe!
United light and ſhade! where the ſight dwells
With growing ſtrength, and ever-new delight.

From the moiſt meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And ſwells, and deepens, to the cheriſh'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy foreſt ſtands diſplay'd,
In full luxuriance to the ſighing gales;
Where the deer ruſtle through the twining brake,
And the birds ſing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the colours of the flufhing year,
By Nature's ſwift and ſecret working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With laviſh fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimſon folds. Now from the town
Buried in ſmoke, and ſleep, and noiſome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freſhneſs breathes, and daſh the trembling drops
From the bent buſh, as through the verdant maze

Of

Of ſweet-briar hedges I purſue my walk;
Or taſte the ſmell of dairy; or aſcend
Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains,
And ſee the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundleſs bluſh, one white-empurpled ſhow'r
Of mingled bloſſoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profuſion, yellow Autumn ſpies:

IF, bruſh'd from *Ruſſian* wilds, a cutting gale
Riſe not, and ſcatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely froſt; before whoſe baleful blaſt
The full-blown Spring thro' all her foliage ſhrinks,
Joyleſs and dead, a wide-dejected waſte.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, inſect armies warp
Keen in the poiſon'd breeze; and waſteful eat,
Thro' buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The ſacred ſons of vengeance; on whoſe courſe
Corroſive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague the ſkilful farmer chaff,
And blazing ſtraw, before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in ſmoke, the latent foe
From every cranny ſuffocated falls:
Or ſcatters o'er the blooms the pungent duſt
Of pepper, fatal to the froſty tribe:
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,

With

With ſprinkled water drowns them in their neſt;
Nor, while they pick them up with buſy bill,
The little trooping birds unwiſely ſcares.

Be patient, ſwains; theſe cruel-ſeeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repreſs'd
Thoſe deep'ning clouds on clouds, ſurcharg'd with rain,
That o'er the vaſt *Atlantic* hither borne,
In endleſs train, would quench the ſummer blaze,
And, cheerleſs, drown the crude unripen'd year.

The north-eaſt ſpends his rage; he now ſhut up
Within his iron cave, th' effuſive ſouth
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal ſhow'rs diſtent.
At firſt a duſky wreath they ſeem to riſe,
Scarce ſtaining ether; but by ſwift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour fails
Along the loaded ſky, and mingling deep
Sits on th' horizon round a ſettled gloom:
Not ſuch as wintry-ſtorms on mortals ſhed,
Oppreſſing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wiſh of Nature. Gradual ſinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the cloſing woods,
Or ruſtling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aſpen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glaſſy breadth, ſeem thro' deluſive lapſe

Forgetful

Forgetful of their courſe. 'Tis ſilence all,
And pleaſing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry ſprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Huſh'd in ſhort ſuſpenſe,
The plumy people ſtreak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moiſture trickling off;
And wait th' approaching ſign to ſtrike at once,
Into the gen'ral choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,
And foreſts ſeem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd ſweetneſs. Man ſuperior walks
Amid the glad creation, muſing praiſe,
And looking lively gratitude. At laſt,
The clouds conſign their treaſures to the fields;
And, ſoftly ſhaking on the dimpled pool
Preluſive drops, let all their moiſture flow,
In large effuſion o'er the freſh'ned world.
The ſtealing ſhow'r is ſcarce to patter heard,
By ſuch as wander thro' the foreſt walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the ſhade, while heav'n deſcends
In univerſal bounty, ſhedding herbs,
And fruits, and flow'ers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment diſtils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full-diſtended clouds
Indulge their genial ſtores, and well-ſhower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;

Till

Till, in the weſtern ſky, the downward ſun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the fluſh
Of broken clouds, gay-ſhifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance inſtantaneous ſtrikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the foreſt ſtreams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow miſt,
Far ſmoking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moiſt, bright, and green, the landſkip laughs around.
Full ſwell the woods; their ev'ry muſic wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the diſtant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows reſponſive from the vales,
Whence blending all the ſweet'ned zephyr ſprings.
Mean time refracted from yon eaſtern cloud,
Beſtriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immenſe; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the ſky.
Here, awful NEWTON, the diſſolving clouds
Form, fronting on the ſun, thy ſhow'ry priſm;
And to the ſage-inſtructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee diſclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not ſo the boy;
He wond'ring views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds th' amuſive arch before him fly,
Then vaniſh quite away. Still night ſucceeds,

A ſoften'd

A ſoften'd ſhade, and ſaturated earth
Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
Rais'd thro' ten thouſand different plaſtic tubes,
The balmy treaſures of the former day.

THEN ſpring the living herbs, profuſely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the pow'r
Of botaniſts to number up their tribes;
Whether he ſteals along the lonely dale,
In ſilent ſearch; or thro' the foreſt, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Burſts his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With ſuch a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their ſeeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nurſing mold,
The moiſt'ning current, and prolific rain.

BUT who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With viſion pure, into theſe ſecret ſtores
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unfleſh'd in blood,
A ſtranger to the ſavage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, ſurfeit, and diſeaſe;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.

THE firſt freſh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted Man, nor bluſh'd to ſee

The

The ſluggard ſleep beneath its ſacred beam:
For their light ſlumbers gently ſum'd away;
And up they roſe as vig'rous as the ſun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
Meantime the ſong went round; and dance and ſport,
Wiſdom and friendly talk, ſucceſſive, ſtole
Their hours away: while in the roſy vale
Love breath'd his infant ſighs, from anguiſh free,
And full replete with bleſs; ſave the ſweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor ſurly deed,
Was known among thoſe happy ſons of HEAV'N;
For reaſon and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd ſmiling on.
Clear ſhone the ſkies, cool'd with eternal gales
And balmy ſpirit all. The youthful ſun
Shot his beſt rays, and ſtill the gracious clouds
Drop'd fatneſs down; as o'er the ſwelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing play'd ſecure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion ſaw, his horrid heart
Was meek'ned, and he join'd his ſullen joy.
For muſic held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft ſigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the vary'd heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In conſonance. Such were thoſe prime of days.

But now thoſe white unblemiſh'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid theſe iron times,
Theſe dregs of life! Now the diſtemper'd mind
Has loſt that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the ſoul of happineſs; and all
Is off the poiſe within: the paſſions all
Have burſt their bounds; and reaſon half extinct,
Or impotent, or elſe approving, ſees
The foul diſorder. Senſeleſs, and deform'd,
Convulſive anger ſtorms at large; or pale,
And ſilent, ſettles into fell revenge.
Baſe envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Deſponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly looſens every power.
Even love itſelf is bitterneſs of ſoul,
A penſive anguiſh pining at the heart;
Or, ſunk to ſordid intereſt, feels no more
That noble wiſh that never cloy'd deſire,
Which, ſelfiſh joy diſdaining, ſeeks alone
To bleſs the dearer object of its flame.
Hope ſickens with extravagance; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madneſs ſwells;
Or in dead ſilence waſtes the weeping hours.
Theſe, and a thouſand mixt emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endleſs ſtorm: whence, deeply rankling, grows

The partial thought, a liſtleſs unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
Then dark diſguſt, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:
At laſt, extinct each ſocial feeling, fell
And joyleſs inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature diſturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her courſe.

Hence, in old duſky time, a deluge came:
When the deep-cleft diſparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous ruſh'd,
With univerſal burſt into the gulph,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide daſh'd the waves, in undulation vaſt;
Till, from the center to the ſtreaming clouds,
A ſhoreleſs ocean tumbled round the globe.

The Seaſons ſince have, with ſeverer ſway,
Oppreſs'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waſte of ſnows; and Summer ſhot
His peſtilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year; and fruits and bloſſoms bluſh'd
In ſocial ſweetneſs, on the ſelf-ſame bough.
Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, ſave what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanſe: for then nor ſtorms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
Sound ſlept the waters; no ſulphureous glooms

Swell'd

Swell'd in the ſky, and ſent the lightning forth;
While ſickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the ſprings of life.
But now, of turbid elements the ſport,
From clear to cloudy toſt, from hot to cold,
And dry to moiſt, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finiſh'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholeſome herb neglected dies;
Though with the pure exhilarating ſoul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the ſearch of art, 'tis copious bleſt.
For, with hot ravine fir'd, enſanguin'd Man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worſe. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the ſteer,
At whoſe ſtrong cheſt the deadly tyger hangs,
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger ſtung and wild neceſſity,
Nor lodges pity in their ſhaggy breaſt.
But *Man*, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
She pours ten thouſand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
Or beams that gave them birth: ſhall he, fair form!
Who wears ſweet ſmiles, and looks erect on Heaven,

E'er ſtoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? The beaſt of prey,
Blood-ſtain'd, deſerves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
What have you done? ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death? you, who have given us milk
In luſcious ſtreams, and lent us your own coat
Againſt the winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmleſs, honeſt, guileleſs animal,
In what has he offended? he, whoſe toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harveſt; ſhall he bleed,
And ſtruggling groan beneath the cruel hands
Even of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To ſwell the riot of th' autumnal feaſt,
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly ſuggeſt: but 'tis enough,
In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the *Samian* ſage.
High HEAVEN forbids the bold preſumptuous ſtrain,
Whoſe wiſeſt will has fix'd us in a ſtate
That muſt not yet to pure perfection riſe.

Now when the firſt foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their moſſy-tinctur'd ſtream
Deſcends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-diſſembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elaſtic ſpring,

Snatch'd

Snatch'd from the hoary ſteed the floating line,
And all thy ſlender wat'ry ſtores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulſive, twiſt in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger ſwallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breaſt
Of the weak helpleſs uncomplaining wretch,
Harſh pain and horror to the tender hand.

When with his lively ray the potent ſun
Has pierc'd the ſtreams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then, iſſuing cheerful, to thy ſport repair.
Chief ſhould the weſtern breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the ſhadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, purſue their rocky-channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whoſe ample wave
Their little naiads love to ſport at large.
Juſt in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling ſtream, or where it boils
Around the ſtone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the deluſive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the ſpringing game.
Strait as above the ſurface of the flood
They wanton riſe, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:

Some lightly toſſing to the graſſy bank,
And to the ſhelving ſhore ſlow-dragging ſome,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and eaſily deceiv'd,
A worthleſs prey ſcarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the ſhort ſpace
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft diſengage, and back into the ſtream
The ſpeckled captive throw. But ſhould you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your fineſt art.
Long time he, following cautious, ſcans the fly;
And oft attempts to ſeize it, but as oft
The dimpled water ſpeaks his jealous fear.
At laſt, while haply o'er the ſhaded ſun
Paſſes a cloud, he deſperate takes the death,
With ſullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep ſtruck, and runs out all the lengthened line;
Then ſeeks the fartheſt ooze, the ſheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old ſecure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him ſtill yet to his furious courſe
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Acroſs the ſtream, exhauſt his idle rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathleſs ſide,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the ſhore
You gaily drag your unreſiſting prize.

Thus paſs the temperate hours: but when the ſun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the ſcattering clouds,
Even ſhooting liſtleſs languor through the deeps;
Then ſeek the bank where flowering elders croud,
Where ſcatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy eſſence breathes, where cowſlips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the ſhade:
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon ſpreading aſh,
Hung o'er the ſteep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The ſounding culver ſhoots; or where the hawk,
High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds.
There let the claſſic page thy fancy lead
Thro' rural ſcenes; ſuch as the *Mantuan* ſwain
Paints in the matchleſs harmony of ſong.
Or catch thyſelf the landskip, gliding ſwift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And loſt in lonely muſing, in the dream,
Confus'd, of careleſs ſolitude, where mix
Ten thouſand wandering images of things,
Soothe every guſt of paſſion into peace;
All but the ſwellings of the ſoften'd heart,
That waken, not diſturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing proſpect bids the Muſe
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boaſt,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?

Or

Or can it mix them with that matchleſs ſkill,
And loſe them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleaſing task,
Ah what ſhall language do? ah where find words
Ting'd with ſo many colours; and whoſe power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, thoſe aromatic gales,
That inexhauſtive flow continual round?

Yet, tho' ſucceſsleſs, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whoſe hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my ſong!
Form'd by the graces, lovelineſs itſelf!
Come with thoſe downcaſt eyes, ſedate and ſweet,
Thoſe looks demure, that deeply pierce the ſoul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reaſon mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
Oh come! and while the roſy-footed May
Steals bluſhing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Freſh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd boſom that improves their ſweets.

See, where the winding vale its laviſh ſtores,
Irriguous, ſpreads. See, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, ſcarce oozing thro' the graſs,
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,

In

In fair profuſion, decks. Long let us walk,
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of bloſſom'd beans. *Arabia* cannot boaſt
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
Breathes thro' the ſenſe, and takes the raviſh'd ſoul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of freſh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of *Nature*, wide, and wild;
Where, undiſguis'd by mimic *Art*, ſhe ſpreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In ſwarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Thro' the ſoft air, the buſy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and, with inſerted tube,
Suck its pure eſſence, its ethereal ſoul;
And oft, with bolder wing, they ſoaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luſcious ſpoil.

At length the finiſh'd garden to the view
Its viſtas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Diſtracted wanders: now the bowery walk
Of covert cloſe, where ſcarce a ſpeck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted ſweeps:
Now meets the bending ſky; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The foreſt darkening round, the glittering ſpire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the diſtant main.

But

But why ſo far excurſive? when at hand,
Along theſe bluſhing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderneſs of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unboſoms every grace;
Throws out the ſnow-drop, and the crocus firſt;
The daiſy, primroſe, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, ſtain'd with iron brown;
And laviſh ſtock that ſcents the garden round:
From the ſoft wing of vernal breezes ſhed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With ſhining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-duſt,
The varied colours run; and, while they *break*
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting floriſt marks,
With ſecret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
Firſt-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of pureſt virgin white,
Low-bent, and bluſhing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor Narciſſus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging ſtill;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-ſpotted pinks;
Nor, ſhower'd from every buſh, the damask roſe.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, ſmells,
With hues on hues expreſſion cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endleſs bloom.

Hail,

HAIL, SOURCE OF BEING! UNIVERSAL SOUL
Of Heaven and earth! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail!
To THEE I bend the knee; to THEE my thoughts,
Continual, climb; who, with a maſter-hand,
Haſt the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By THEE the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:
By THEE diſpos'd into congenial ſoils,
Stands each attractive plant, and ſucks, and ſwells
The juicy tide; a twining maſs of tubes.
At THY command the vernal ſun awakes
The torpid ſap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds; that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, ſpreads
All this innumerous-coloured ſcene of things.

As riſing from the vegetable world
My theme aſcends, with equal wing aſcend,
My panting Muſe; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayeſt trim.
Lend me your ſong, ye nightingales! oh pour
The mazy-running ſoul of melody
Into my varied verſe! while I deduce,
From the firſt note the hollow cuckoo ſings,
The ſymphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, *the Paſſion of the groves.*

When firſt the ſoul of love is ſent abroad,
Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious ſeizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long forgotten ſtrain,
At firſt faint-warbled. But no ſooner grows
The ſoft infuſion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In muſic unconfin'd. Up ſprings the lark,
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the meſſenger of morn;
Ere yet the ſhadows fly, he mounted ſings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copſe
Deep-tangled, tree irregular and buſh
Bending with dewy moiſture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiriſters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thruſh
And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run thro' the ſweeteſt length
Of notes; when liſtening *Philomela* deigns
To let them joy, and purpoſes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whiſtles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch anſwers from the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profuſely, ſilent. Join'd to theſe
Innumerous ſongſters, in the freſhening ſhade
Of new-ſprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,

And each harſh pipe, diſcordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the ſtock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waſte of muſic is the voice of love;
That even to birds, and beaſts, the tender arts
Of pleaſing teaches. Hence the gloſſy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtſhip to their mates
pour forth their little ſouls. Firſt, wide around,
With diſtant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thouſand tricks to catch
The cunning, conſcious, half-averted glance
Of the regardleſs charmer. Should ſhe ſeem
Softening, the leaſt approvance to beſtow,
Their colours burniſh, and by hope inſpir'd,
They briſk advance; then, on a ſudden ſtruck,
Retire diſorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation ſpread the ſpotted wing,
And ſhiver every feather with deſire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haſte away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleaſure, or food, or ſecret ſafety prompts;
That Nature's *great command* may be obey'd:
Nor all the ſweet ſenſations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Neſtling repair, and to the thicket ſome;

Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: The cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs sooth them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry thro' the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Tho' the whole loosened Spring around her blows,
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand

High

High on th' opponent bank, and ceaſeleſs ſings
The tedious time away; or elſe ſupplies
Her place a moment, while ſhe ſudden flits
To pick the ſcanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpleſs family, demanding food
With conſtant clamour: O what paſſions then,
What melting ſentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents ſeize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undeſiring bear
The moſt delicious morſel to their young;
Which equally diſtributed, again
The ſearch begins. Even ſo a gentle pair,
By fortune ſunk, but form'd of generous mold,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breaſt,
In ſome lone cott amid the diſtant woods,
Suſtain'd alone by providential HEAVEN,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

NOR toil alone they ſcorn: exalting love,
By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inſpir'd,
Gives inſtant courage to the *fearful* race,
And to the *ſimple* art. With ſtealthy wing,
Should ſome rude foot their woody haunts moleſt,
Amid a neighbouring buſh they ſilent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive

Th' unfeeling ſchool-boy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering ſwain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her ſounding flight, and then directly on
In long excurſion ſkims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her neſt. The wild duck, hence,
O'er the rough moſs and o'er the trackleſs waſte
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
The hot purſuing ſpaniel far aſtray.

Be not the Muſe aſham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundleſs air.
Dull are the pretty ſlaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening luſtre loſt;
Nor is that ſprightly wildneſs in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught ſong,
Spare the ſoft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your boſom innocence can win,
Muſic engage, or piety perſuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harſh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother finds a vacant neſt,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain proviſion falls;

Her

Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping ſcarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar ſhade;
Where all abandon'd to deſpair, ſhe ſings
Her ſorrows thro' the night; and, on the bough,
Sole-ſitting, ſtill at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable ſtrain
Of winding woe: till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her ſong, and with her wail reſound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, diſdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free poſſeſſion of the ſky:
This one glad office more, and then diſſolves
Parental love at once, now needleſs grown.
Unlaviſh *Wiſdom* never works in vain.
'Tis on ſome evening, ſunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
With yellow luſtre bright, that the new tribes
Viſit the ſpacious heav'ns, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can ſee,
Or wing, their range and paſture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, ſtill at the giddy verge
Their reſolution fails; their pinions ſtill,
In looſe libration ſtretch'd, to truſt the void
Trembling refuſe: till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or puſh them off. The ſurging air receives
Its plumy burden; and their ſelf-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground

Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the length'ning flight;
Till vaniſh'd every fear, and every power
Rouz'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents ſee their ſoaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.

High from the ſummit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, ſuch as amazing frowns
On utmoſt * *Kilda*'s ſhore, whoſe lonely race
Reſign the ſetting ſun to *Indian* worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raiſe a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his ſort, the towering ſeat,
For ages of his empire; which, in peace,
Unſtain'd he holds, while many a league to ſea
He wings his courſe, and preys in diſtant iſles.

Should I my ſteps turn to the rural ſeat,
Whoſe lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaſeleſs caws amuſive; there, well-pleas'd,
I might the various polity ſurvey
Of the mix'd houſehold kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearleſs cock;

Whoſe

* The fartheſt of the weſtern iſlands of *Scotland*.

Whoſe breaſt with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The ſtately ſailing ſwan
Gives out his ſnowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his oſier-iſle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud-threatening reddens, while the peacock ſpreads
His every-colour'd glory to the ſun,
And ſwims in radiant majeſty along.
O'er the whole homely ſcene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

While thus the gentle tenants of the ſhade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, ruſh furious into flame,
And fierce deſire. Thro' all his luſty veins
The bull, deep-ſcorch'd, the raging paſſion feels.
Of paſture ſick, and negligent of food,
Scarce ſeen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample ſides the rambling ſprays
Luxuriant ſhoot; or thro' the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' inticing bud
Crops, tho' it preſſes on his careleſs ſenſe.
And oft, in jealous mad'ning fancy wrapt,
He ſeeks the fight; and idly-butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.

Him

Him ſhould he meet, the bellowing war begins:
Their eyes flaſh fury; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the ſand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix:
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling ſteed,
With this hot impulſe ſeiz'd in every nerve,
Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the ſounding thong;
Blows are not felt; but toſſing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to diſtant plains
Attracted ſtrong, all wild he burſts away,
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
And, neighing, on the aërial ſummit takes
Th' exciting gale; then, ſteep-deſcending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Even where the madneſs of the ſtrait'ned ſtream
Turns in black eddies round: ſuch is the force
With which his frantic heart and ſinews ſwell.

Nor undelighted by the boundleſs Spring
Are the broad monſters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the ſtrain, and diſſonant, to ſing
The cruel raptures of the ſavage kind:
How by this flame their native wrath ſublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-reſounding waſte in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I ſing,

I ſing, enraptur'd, to the BRITISH FAIR,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where ſits the ſhepherd on the graſſy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the deſcending ſun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
Of various cadence; and his ſportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friſkful glee,
Their frolicks play. And now the ſprightly race
Invites them forth; when ſwift, the ſignal given,
They ſtart away, and ſweep the maſſy mound
That runs around the hill; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When diſunited BRITAIN ever bled,
Loſt in eternal broil: ere yet ſhe grew
To this deep-laid indiſſoluble ſtate,
Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift their golden heads;
And o'er our Labours *Liberty* and *Law*,
Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world!

WHAT is this *mighty Breath*, ye ſages, ſay,
That, in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Inſtructs the fowls of heaven; and thro' their breaſt
Theſe arts of love diffuſes? What, but GOD?
Inſpiring GOD! who boundleſs Spirt all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjuſts, ſuſtains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaſeleſs works *alone*; and yet *alone*
Seems not to work; with ſuch perfection fram'd
Is this complex ſtupendous ſcheme of things.

But tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears:
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy ſoft ſcenes,
The SMILING GOD is ſeen; while water, earth,
And air atteſt his bounty; which exalts
The brute-creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undeſigning hearts
Profuſely thus in tenderneſs and joy.

STILL let my ſong a nobler note aſſume,
And ſing th' infuſive force of Spring on Man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raiſe his being, and ſerene his ſoul.
Can he forbear to join the general ſmile
Of Nature! Can fierce paſſions vex his breaſt,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye ſordid ſons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;
Or only laviſh to yourſelves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whoſe wide thought
Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns
With warmeſt beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye, ſits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modeſt want. Nor, till invok'd
Can reſtleſs goodneſs wait; your active ſearch
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd!
Like ſilent-working HEAVEN, ſurprizing oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.

For

For you the roving ſpirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Deſcend in gladſome plenty o'er the world;
And the ſun ſheds his kindeſt rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In theſe green days,
Reviving ſickneſs lifts her languid head;
Life flows afreſh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The ſunny glade, and feels an inward bliſs
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchaſe. Pure ſerenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation ſtill.
By ſwift degrees the love of nature works,
And warms the boſom; till at laſt ſublim'd
To rapture, and enthuſiaſtic heat,
We feel the preſent DEITY, and taſte
The joy of GOD to ſee a happy world!

THESE are the ſacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reaſon's purer ray,
O LITTLETON, the friend! thy paſſions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the muſe, thro' *Hagley Park* thou ſtray'ſt;
Thy *Britiſh Tempe!* There along the dale,
With woods o'erhung, and ſhagg'd with moſſy rocks
Whence on each hand the guſhing waters play,
And down the rough caſcade white-daſhing fall,
Or gleam in lengthened viſta thro' the trees,
You ſilent ſteal; or ſit beneath the ſhade

Of

Of ſolemn oaks, that tuſt the ſwelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careleſs hand,
And penſive liſten to the various voice
Of rural peace: The herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whiſpering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That purling down amid the twiſted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs ſhake
On the ſooth'd ear, from theſe abſtracted oft,
You wander thro' the philoſophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders riſe,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft, conducted by hiſtoric truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time:
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honeſt zeal unwarp'd by party rage,
BRITANNIA's weal; how from the venal gulph
To raiſe her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, theſe graver thoughts
The muſes charm: while, with ſure taſte refin'd,
You draw th' inſpiring breath of ancient ſong;
Till nobly riſes, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA ſhares thy walk,
With ſoul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Toſt by ungenerous paſſions, ſinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treaſures forth,
In varied converſe, ſoftening every theme,
You, frequent-pauſing, turn, and from her eyes,

Where

Where meekened ſenſe, and amiable grace,
And lively ſweetneſs dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameleſs ſpirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happineſs! which love,
Alone, beſtows, and on a *favour'd few*
Meantime you gain the height, from whoſe fair brow
The burſting proſpect ſpreads immenſe around:
And ſnatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages emboſom'd ſoft in trees,
And ſpiry towns by ſurging columns mark'd
Of houſhold ſmoke, your eye excurſive roams:
Wide-ſtretching from the *Hall*, in whoſe kind haunt
The *Hoſpitable Genius* lingers ſtill,
To where the broken landſkip, by degrees,
Aſcending, roughens into rigid hills:
O'er which the *Cambrian* mountains, like far clouds
That ſkirt the blue horizon, duſky riſe.

Flush'd by the ſpirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a freſher bloom
Shoots leſs and leſs, the live carnation round;
Her lips bluſh deeper ſweets; ſhe breathes of youth;
The ſhining moiſture ſwells into her eyes,
In brighter flow; her wiſhing boſom heaves,
With palpitations wild; kind tumults ſeize
Her veins, and all her yielding ſoul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear exſtatic power, and ſick
With ſighing languiſhment. Ah then ye fair!

Be greatly cautious of your ſliding hearts:
Dare not th' infectious ſigh; the pleading look,
Down-caſt, and low, in meek ſubmiſſion dreſt,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation ſmooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbinds flaunt, and roſes ſhed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimſon curtains round,
Truſt your ſoft minutes with betraying man.

And let th' aſpiring youth beware of love
Of the ſmooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent ſoftneſs pours.
Then wiſdom proſtrate lies, and fading fame
Diſſolves in air away: while the fond ſoul,
Wrapt in gay viſions of unreal bliſs,
Still paints th' illuſive form; the kindling grace;
Th' inticing ſmile; the modeſt ſeeming eye,
Beneath whoſe beauteous beams, belying heaven,
Lurk ſearchleſs cunning, cruelty, and death:
And ſtill falſe-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her ſyren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful ſhores, and meads of fatal joy.

Even preſent, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid; while muſic flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
Amid the roſes fierce Repentance rears
Her ſnaky creſt: a quick returning pang
Shoots thro' the conſcious heart; where honour ſtill,

And

And great deſign, againſt the oppreſſive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

But abſent, what fantaſtic woes, arous'd,
Rage in each thought, by reſtleſs muſing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blaſt the bloom of life?
Neglected fortune flies; and ſliding ſwift,
Prone into ruin, fall his ſcorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around: The darkened ſun
Loſes his light. The roſy-boſom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a duſky vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and ſhe alone
Heard, felt and ſeen, poſſeſſes every thought,
Fills every ſenſe, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulneſs, tedious friends;
And ſad amid the ſocial bands he ſits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfiniſh'd period falls: while, borne away
On ſwelling thought, his wafted ſpirit flies
To the vain boſom of his diſtant fair;
And leaves the ſemblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholly ſite, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he ſtarts,
Shook from his tender trance, and reſtleſs runs
To glimmering ſhades, and ſympathetic glooms;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling ſtream,
Romantic, hangs; there thro' the penſive duſk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation loſt,
Indulging all to love: or on the bank

Thrown, amid drooping lilies, ſwells the breeze
With ſighs unceaſing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in ſoft anguiſh he conſumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy eaſt,
Enlightened by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languiſh of her beam,
With ſoftened ſoul, and woos the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his: or, while the world
And all the ſons of Care lie huſh'd in ſleep,
Aſſociates with the midnight ſhadows drear;
And, ſighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving meſſenger of love;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With riſing frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, ſleep from his pillow flies,
All night he toſſes, nor the balmy power
In any poſture finds; till the gray morn
Liſts her pale luſtre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
Exhauſted Nature ſinks a while to reſt,
Still interrupted by diſtracted dreams,
That o'er the ſick imagination riſe,
And in black colours paint the mimic ſcene.
Oft with th' enchantreſs of his ſoul he talks;
Sometimes in crouds diſtreſs'd; or if retir'd
To ſecret winding flower enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,

Juſt

Juſt as he, credulous, his endleſs cares
Begins to loſe in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielding hand, he knows not how,
Thro' foreſts huge, and long untravel'd heaths
With deſolation brown, he wanders waſte,
In night and tempeſt wrapt; or ſhrinks aghaſt,
Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid ſtream below, and ſtrives to reach
The farther ſhore; where ſuccourleſs, and ſad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But ſtrives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
To diſtance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy ſinks.

These are the charming agonies of love,
Whoſe miſery delights. But thro' the heart
Should jealouſy its venom once diffuſe,
'Tis then delightful miſery no more,
But agony unmix'd, inceſſant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blaſting all
Love's paradiſe. Ye fairy proſpects, then,
Ye beds of roſes, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your laſt! the yellow-tinging plague
Internal viſion taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah then! inſtead of love-enlivened cheeks,
Of ſunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks ſucceed,
Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire,

A clouded aſpect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poiſon'd ſoul, malignant, ſits,
And frightens love away. Ten thouſand fears
Invented wild, ten thouſand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondneſs, eat him up
With fervent anguiſh, and conſuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and reſolution frail,
Giving falſe peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afreſh, her beauties on his buſy thought,
Her firſt endearments twining round the ſoul,
With all the witchcraft of enſnaring love.
Straight the fierce ſtorm involves his mind anew,
Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins;
While anxious doubt diſtracts the tortur'd heart:
For even the ſad aſſurance of his fears
Were eaſe to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
His brighteſt flames extinguiſh'd all, and all
His brighteſt moments running down to waſte.

But happy they! the happieſt of their kind!
Whom gentler ſtars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarſer tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itſelf,

Attuning

Attuning all their paſſions into love;
Where friendſhip full exerts her ſofteſt power,
Perfect eſteem enlivened by deſire
Ineffable, and ſympathy of ſoul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundleſs confidence: for nought but love
Can anſwer love, and render bliſs ſecure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bleſs himſelf, from ſordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, conſume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whoſe inhuman love
Is wild deſire, fierce as the ſuns they feel;
Let eaſtern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
Seclude their boſom ſlaves, meanly poſſeſs'd
Of a mere, lifeleſs, violated form:
While thoſe whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal tranſport, free as Nature live,
Diſdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleaſure, and its nonſenſe all?
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and laviſh hearts can wiſh;
Something than beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the mind, or mind illumin'd face;
Truth, goodneſs, honour, harmony, and love,
The richeſt bounty of indulgent HEAVEN.
Mean-time a ſmiling offſpring riſes round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human bloſſom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, ſhews ſome new charm,

The father's luſtre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an aſſiduous care.
Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
Oh ſpeak the joy! ye, whom the ſudden tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your eye but ſights of bliſs,
All various Nature preſſing on the heart:
An elegant ſufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendſhip, books,
Eaſe and alternate labour, uſeful life,
Progreſſive virtue, and approving HEAVEN.
Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seaſons thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and conſenting SPRING
Sheds her own roſy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at laſt, ſerene and mild;
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance ſwells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they ſink in ſocial ſleep;
Together freed, their gentle ſpirits fly
To ſcenes where love and bliſs immortal reign.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 63
MAY

Summer

SUMMER.

The ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Invocation. Addreſs to Mr DODDINGTON. *An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the ſucceſſion of the ſeaſons. As the face of Nature in this ſeaſon is almoſt uniform, the progreſs of the poem is a deſcription of a ſummer's day. The dawn. Sun-riſing. Hymn to the ſun. Forenoon. Summer inſects deſcribed. Hay-making. Sheep-ſhearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groupe of herds and flocks. A ſolemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude ſcene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The ſtorm over, a ſerene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Tranſition to the proſpect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyrick on* GREAT BRITAIN. *Sunſet. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praiſe of philoſophy.*

SUMMER.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair diſclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth:
He comes attended by the ſultry *hours*,
And ever-fanning *breezes*, on his way;
While, from his ardent look, the turning SPRING
Averts her bluſhful face; and earth, and ſkies,
All-ſmiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

HENCE, let me haſte into the mid-wood ſhade,
Where ſcarce a ſun-beam wanders thro' the gloom;
And on the dark-green graſs, beſide the brink
Of haunted ſtream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And ſing the glories of the circling year.

COME, *Inſpiration!* from thy hermit-ſeat,
By mortal ſeldom found: may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd ſerious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on ſurrounding heaven, to ſteal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecſtacy of ſoul.

And thou, my youthful Muſe's early friend,
In whom the human graces all uuite:
Pure light of mind, and tenderneſs of heart;
Genius, and wiſdom; the gay ſocial ſenſe,
By decency chaſtis'd; goodneſs and wit,
In ſeldom meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemiſh'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man:
O Dodington! attend my rural ſong,
Stoop to my theme, inſpirit every line,
And teach me to deſerve thy juſt applauſe.

With what an awful world-revolving power
Were firſt the unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thouſand years,
That oft has ſwept the toiling race of Men,
And all their labour'd monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchleſs in their courſe;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the ſeaſons ever-ſtealing round,
Minutely faithful: Such th' All-perfect Hand!
That pois'd, impels, and rules the ſteady whole.

When now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,
And *Cancer* reddens with the ſolar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And ſoon, obſervant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,

At

At firſt faint-gleaming in the dappled eaſt
Till far o'er ether ſpreads the widening glow;
And, from before the luſtre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quickened ſtep,
Brown Night retires: Young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny proſpect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountains miſty top
Swell on the ſight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, thro' the duſk, the ſmoking currents ſhine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, aukward: while along the foreſt-glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early paſſenger. Muſic awakes
The native voice of undiſſembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns ariſe.
Rous'd by the cock, the ſoon-clad ſhepherd leaves
His moſſy cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;
And from the crouded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taſte the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not Man awake;
And ſpringing from the bed of ſloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent hour,
To meditation due and ſacred ſong?
For is there aught in ſleep can charm the wiſe?
To lie in dead oblivion, loſing half
The fleeting moments of too ſhort a life;
Total exſtinction of th' enlightened ſoul!
Or elſe to feveriſh vanity alive,
Wildered, and toſſing thro' diſtemper'd dreams?

Who would in ſuch a gloomy ſtate remain
Longer than Nature craves; when every Muſe
And every blooming pleaſure wait without,
To bleſs the wildly-devious morning-walk?

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the eaſt. The leſſening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
Aſlant the dew-bright earth, and coloured air,
He looks in boundleſs majeſty abroad;
And ſheds the ſhining day, that burniſh'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering ſtreams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer Light!
Of all material beings firſt, and beſt!
Efflux divine! Nature's reſplendent robe!
Without whoſe veſting beauty all were wrapt
In uneſſential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of ſurrounding worlds! in whom beſt ſeen
Shines out thy Maker! may I ſing of thee!

'Tis by thy ſecret, ſtrong, attractive force,
As with a chain indiſſoluble bound,
Thy Syſtem rolls entire: from the far bourne
Of outmoſt *Saturn*, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years; to *Mercury*, whoſe diſk
Can ſcarce be caught by philoſophic eye,
Loſt in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

INFORMER of the planetary train!
Without whoſe quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely maſs, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling ſpirit; from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee ſublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy ſetting beam.

THE vegetable world is alſo thine,
Parent of *Seaſons!* who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vaſt domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing ſtate, it moves ſublime.
Mean-time, th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or ſend grateful up
A common hymn: while round thy beaming car,
High-ſeen, the *Seaſons* lead, in ſprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the roſy-finger'd *Hours*.
The *Zephyrs* floating looſe, the timely *Rains*,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed *Dews*,
And ſoftened into joy the ſurly *Storms*.
Theſe, in ſucceſſive turn, with laviſh hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance ſhower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is fluſh'd the vernal year.

Nor to the ſurface of enlivened earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal treſſes, is thy force confin'd:
But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confeſs thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble ſhines;
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burniſh'd War
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bleſs mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.

The unfruitful rock itſelf, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid ſtone.
The lively Diamond drinks thy pureſt rays,
Collected light, compact; that, poliſh'd bright,
And all its native luſtre let abroad,
Dares, as it ſparkles on the fair one's breaſt,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the Ruby lights deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the Sapphire, ſolid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple-ſtreaming Amethyſt is thine.
With thy own ſmile the yellow Topaz burns.
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When firſt ſhe gives it to the ſouthern gale,
Than the green Emerald ſhows. But, all combin'd
Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy beams;
Or, flying ſeveral from its ſurface, form

A trembling

A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the ſite varies in the gazer's hand.

THE very dead creation, from thy touch,
Aſſumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucent ſtream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blackened flood,
Softens at thy return. The deſart joys
Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from ſome pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmoſt verge,
Reſtleſs, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-tranſported Muſe can ſing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and uſe,
Unequal far; great delegated ſource
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How ſhall I then attempt to ſing of HIM!
Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated light
Inveſted deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken:
Whoſe ſingle ſmile has, from the firſt of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all thoſe lamps of Heaven,
That beam for ever thro' the boundleſs ſky:
But, ſhould he hide his face, th' aſtoniſh'd ſun,
And all th' extinguiſh'd ſtars, would looſening reel
Wide from their ſpheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet was every faultering tongue of man,
Almighty Father! ſilent in thy praiſe;
Thy works themſelves would raiſe a general voice,
Even in the depth of ſolitary woods
By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
And to the quire celeſtial Thee reſound,
Th' eternal cauſe, ſupport, and end of all!

To me be Nature's volume broad diſplay'd;
And to peruſe its all-inſtructing page,
Or, haply catching inſpiration thence,
Some eaſy paſſage, raptur'd, to tranſlate,
My ſole delight; as thro' the falling glooms
Penſive I ſtray, or with the riſing dawn
On fancy's eagle-wing excurſive ſoar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent ſun
Melts into limpid air the high rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs that hovered round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature ſhines, from where earth ſeems,
Far ſtretch'd around, to meet the bending ſphere.

Half in a bluſh of cluſtering roſes loſt,
Dew-dropping *Coolneſs* to the ſhade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careleſs rills to muſe;
While tyrant *Heat*, diſpreading thro' the ſky,
With rapid ſway, his burning influence darts
On man and beaſt, and herb, and tepid ſtream.

Who

Who can unpitying ſee the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-fluſh'd bloom reſign,
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the ſun,
Sad when he ſets, ſhuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warms returns,
Points her enamour'd boſom to his ray.

Home, from his morning-taſk, the ſwain retreats;
His flock before him ſtepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they ſit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours ariſe.
Faint, underneath, the houſehold-fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing ſhade,
The houſe-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-ſtretch'd, and ſleepy. In his ſlumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, wakened by the waſp,
They ſtarting ſnap. Nor ſhall the muſe diſdain
To let the little noiſy ſummer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her ſong:
Not mean, tho' ſimple, to the ſun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire.

War'd

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad by the light air upborn,
Lighter, and full of ſoul. From every chink,
And ſecret corner, where they ſlept away
The wint'ry ſtorms; or riſing from their tombs,
To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can diſcloſe.
Ten thouſand forms! ten thouſand different tribes!
People the blaze. To ſunny waters ſome
By fatal inſtinct fly; where on the pool
They, ſportive, wheel; or ſailing down the ſtream
Are ſnatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting ſalmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
Some love to ſtray; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,
In the freſh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and viſit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the ſweet taſk,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what ſoft beds, their young yet undiſclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the houſe,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taſte the curdling cheeſe:
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky ſtream
They meet their fate; or weltering in the bowl,
With powerleſs wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedleſs flies the window proves
A conſtant death; where, gloomily retir'd,

The

The villain-ſpider lives, cunning, and fierce.
Mixture abhorr'd! amid a mangled heap
Of carcaſes, in eager watch he ſits,
O'erlooking all his waving ſnares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadleſs wanderer oft
Paſſes, as oft the ruffian ſhows his front;
The prey at laſt enſnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing,
And ſhriller ſound declare extreme diſtreſs,
And aſk the helping hoſpitable hand.

Resounds the living ſurface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaſeleſs hum,
To him who muſes thro' the woods at noon;
Or drowſy ſhepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-ſhut eyes, beneath the floating ſhade
Of willows grey, cloſe-crouding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from theſe what numerous kinds deſcend,
Evading even the microſcopic eye!
Full Nature ſwarms with life; one wondrous maſs
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the *vital Breath*, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his ſpirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid ſteams, emits the living cloud
Of peſtilence. Thro' ſubterranean cells,
Where ſearching ſun-beams ſcarce can find a way,

Earth

Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its ſoft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the ſtone
Holds multitudes. But chief the foreſt-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow-fruit, the nameleſs nations feed
Of evaneſcent inſects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, inviſible,
Amid the floating verdure millions ſtray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, ſooths,
Inflames, refreſhes, or exalts the taſte,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the ſtream
Of pureſt cryſtal, nor the lucid air,
Tho' one tranſparent vacancy it ſeems,
Void of their unſeen people. Theſe, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming HEAVEN, eſcape
The groſſer eye of Man: for, if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd ſhould on his ſenſes burſt,
From cates ambroſial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When ſilence ſleeps o'er all, be ſtunn'd with noiſe.

LET no preſuming impious railer tax
CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwiſe, of which the ſmalleſt part
Exceeds the narrow viſion of her mind?

As

As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
On ſwelling columns heard, the pride of art!
A critic-fly, whoſe feeble ray ſcarce ſpreads
An inch around, with blind preſumption bold,
Should dare to tax the ſtructure of the whole.
And lives the man, whoſe univerſal eye
Has ſwept at once th' unbounded ſcheme of things;
Mark'd their dependence ſo, and firm accord,
As with unfaultering accent to conclude
That this availeth nought? Has any ſeen
The mighty chain of beings, leſſening down
From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink
Of dreary *Nothing*, deſolate abyſs!
From which aſtoniſh'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praiſe aſcend,
And hymns of holy wonder to that POWER,
Whoſe wiſdom ſhines as lovely on our minds,
As on our ſmiling eyes his ſervant-ſun.

THICK in yon ſtream of light, a thouſand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations ſhort; till, tempeſt-wing'd,
Fierce Winter ſweeps them from the face of day.
Even ſo luxurious Men, unheeding, paſs
An idle ſummer life in fortune's ſhine,
A ſeaſon's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and ſtrikes them from the book of life.

Now

Now ſwarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The ruſtic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and ſtrong; full as the ſummer roſe
Blown by prevailing ſuns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, ſwelling on the ſight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even ſtooping age is here; and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppreſſion roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They ſpread the breathing harveſt to the ſun,
That throws refreſhful round a rural ſmell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the duſky wave along the mead,
The ruſſet hay-cock riſes thick behind,
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, reſounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and ſocial glee.

Or ruſhing thence, in one diffuſive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And That fair-ſpreading in a pebbled ſhore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the ſoft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly ſides. And oft the ſwain,

On ſome impatient ſeizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd then, nor heſitating more,
Faſt, faſt, they plunge amid the flaſhing wave,
And panting labour to the fartheſt ſhore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-waſh'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is baniſh'd by the ſordid ſtream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmleſs race: where, as they ſpread
Their ſwelling treaſures to the ſunny ray,
Inly diſturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toſs'd from rock to rock,
Inceſſant bleatings run around the hills.
At laſt, of ſnowy white, the gathered flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous preſs'd,
Head above head: and, rang'd in luſty rows
The ſhepherds ſit, and whet the ſounding ſhears.
The houſewife waits to roll her fleecy ſtores,
With all her gay-dreſt maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the reſt, the paſtoral queen, and rays
Her ſmiles, ſweet-beaming, on her ſhepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their ſouls
To feſtive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous taſk goes on apace:
Some mingling ſtir the melted tar, and ſome,
Deep on the new-ſhorn vagrant's heaving ſide,
To ſtamp the maſter's cypher ready ſtand;

Others the unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the ſturdy boy
Holds by the twiſted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy Man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What ſoftneſs in its melancholy face,
What dumb-complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid ſlaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender ſwain's well-guided ſhears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will ſend you bounding to your hills again.

A SIMPLE ſcene! yet hence BRITANNIA ſees
Her ſolid grandeur riſe: hence ſhe commands
Th' exalted ſtores of every brighter clime,
The treaſures of the Sun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves ſublime, and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er *Gallia*'s humbled coaſt;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'TIS raging Noon; and, vertical, the Sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can ſweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all

From pole to pole is undiſtinguiſh'd blaze.
In vain the ſight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot-aſcending ſteams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And ſlippery lawn an arid hue diſcloſe,
Blaſt Fancy's bloom, and wither even the Soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful ſound
Of ſharpening ſcythe: the mower ſinking heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
And ſcarce a chirping graſshopper is heard
Thro' the dumb mead. Diſtreſsful Nature pants.
The very ſtreams look languid from afar;
Or, thro' th' unſhelter'd glade, impatient, ſeem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All-conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not ſo fierce! Inceſſant ſtill you flow,
And ſtill another fervent flood ſucceeds,
Pour'd on the head profuſe. In vain I ſigh,
And reſtleſs turn, and look around for Night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who on the ſunleſs ſide
Of a romantic mountain, foreſt-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected ſhade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And freſh bedew'd with ever-ſpouting ſtreams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,

Unſatisfied, and ſick, toſſes in noon:
Emblem inſtructive of the virtuous Man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind ſerene, and pure,
And every paſſion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye ſhades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye aſhes wild, reſounding o'er the ſteep!
Delicious is your ſhelter to the ſoul,
As to the hunted hart the ſallying ſpring,
Or ſtream full-flowing, that his ſwelling ſides
Laves as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleaſing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the freſh expanded eye
And ear reſume their watch; the ſinews knit;
And life ſhoots ſwift thro' all the lightened limbs.

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now ſcarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
Now ſtarting to a ſudden ſtream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;
A various groupe the herds and flocks compoſe,
Rural confuſion! On the graſſy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others ſtand
Half in the flood, and often bending ſip
The circling ſurface. In the middle droops
The ſtrong laborious ox, of honeſt front,

Which

Which incompos'd he ſhakes; and from his ſides
The troublous inſects laſhes with his tail,
Returning ſtill. Amid his ſubjects ſafe,
Slumbers the monarch-ſwain; his careleſs arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moſs ſuſtain'd;
Here laid his ſcrip, with wholeſome viands fill'd;
There, liſtening every noiſe, his watchful dog.

LIGHT fly his ſlumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies faſten on the herd;
That ſtartling ſcatters from the ſhallow brook,
In ſearch of laviſh ſtream. Toſſing the foam,
They ſcorn the keeper's voice, and ſcour the plain,
Thro' all the bright ſeverity of noon;
While, from their labouring breaſts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

OFT in this ſeaſon too the horſe, provok'd,
While his big ſinews full of ſpirits ſwell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with ſtedfaſt eye,
And heart eſtrang'd to fear: his nervous cheſt,
Luxuriant, and erect, the ſeat of ſtrength!
Bears down th' oppoſing ſtream: quenchleſs his thirſt;
He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide noſtrils, ſnorting, ſkims the wave.

STILL let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildeſt largeſt growth:

That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every ſtep,
Solemn, and ſlow, the ſhadows blacker fall,
And all is awful liſtening gloom around.

These are the haunts of Meditation, theſe
The ſcenes where ancient bards th' inſpiring breath,
Extatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent: to ſave the fall
Of virtue ſtruggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whiſpers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd ſoul
For future trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His muſe to better themes; to ſoothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breaſt
(Backward to mingle in deteſted war,
But foremoſt when engag'd) to turn the death;
And numberleſs ſuch offices of love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook ſudden from the boſom of the ſky,
A thouſand ſhapes or glide athwart the duſk,
Or ſtalk majeſtic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A ſacred terror, a ſevere delight,
Creep thro' my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abſtracted ear
Of fancy ſtrikes: "Be not of us afraid,

"Poor

" Poor kindred Man! thy fellow-creatures, we
" From the ſame PARENT-POWER our beings drew,
" The ſame our Lord, and laws, and great purſuit.
" Once ſome of us, like thee, thro' ſtormy life,
" Toil'd, tempeſt beaten, ere we could attain
" This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
" Where purity and peace immingle charms.
" Then fear not us; but with reſponſive ſong,
" Amid theſe dim receſſes, undiſturb'd
" By noiſy folly and diſcordant vice,
" Of Nature ſing with us, and Nature's GOD.
" Here frequent, at the viſionary hour,
" When muſing midnight reigns or ſilent noon,
" Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
" And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
" The deepening dale, or inmoſt ſylvan glade;
" A privilege beſtow'd by us, alone,
" On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
" Of Poet, ſwelling to ſeraphic ſtrain."

AND art thou, * STANLEY, of that ſacred band?
Alas, for us too ſoon! Tho' rais'd above
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
Of ſadly-pleas'd remembrance, muſt thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe:
Who ſeeks thee ſtill, in many a former ſcene;

* A young lady, well known to the author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

Seeks

Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
Thy pleaſing converſe, by gay lively ſenſe
Inſpir'd: where moral wiſdom mildly ſhone,
Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd,
In all her ſmiles, without forbidding pride.
But, O thou beſt of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger ſelf, this opening bloom
Of thy enlightened mind and gentle worth.
Believe the Muſe: the wintry blaſt of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they ſpread,
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter ſuns,
Thro' endleſs ages, into higher powers.

THUS up the mount, in airy viſion rapt,
I ſtray, regardleſs whither; till the ſound
Of a near fall of water every ſenſe
Wakes from the charm of thought: ſwift ſhrinking back,
I check my ſteps, and view the broken ſcene.

SMOOTH to the ſhelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the ſteep
It thundring ſhoots, and ſhakes the country round.
At firſt, an azure ſheet, it ruſhes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud reſounding rocks below
Daſh'd in a cloud of foam, it ſends aloft

A hoary

A hoary miſt, and forms a ceaſeleſs ſhower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repoſe;
But, raging ſtill amid the ſhaggy rocks,
Now flaſhes o'er the ſcatter'd fragments, now
Aſſant the hollow channel rapid darts;
And falling faſt from gradual ſlope to ſlope,
With wild infracted courſe, and leſſened roar,
It gains a ſafer bed, and ſteals, at laſt,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whoſe dark brow
He clings, the ſteep-aſcending eagle ſoars,
With upward pinions thro' the flood of day;
And, giving full his boſom to the blaze,
Gains on the ſun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, diſorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Reſponſive, force an interrupted ſtrain.
The ſtock-dove only thro' the foreſt cooes,
Mournfully hoarſe; oft ceaſing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The ſad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his ſide by ſavage fowler's guile,
Acroſs his fancy comes; and then reſounds
A louder ſong of ſorrow thro' the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me ſit,
All in the freſhneſs of the humid air;
There in that hollowed rock, groteſque and wild,
An ample chair moſs-lin'd, and over head

By flowering umbrage ſhaded; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with the extracted balm
Of fragrant wood-bine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taſte the ſweetneſs of the ſhade,
While Nature lies around deep lull'd in Noon,
Now come, bold *Fancy*, ſpread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the *torrid Zone:*
Climes unrelenting! with whoſe rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon ſkies are cool.

See, how at once the bright effulgent ſun,
Riſing direct, ſwift chaſes from the ſky
The ſhort-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce thro' all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him ſends,
Iſſuing from out the portals of the morn,
The * *general Breeze*, to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreſhment on a fainting world.
Great are the ſcenes with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that ſee, each circling year,
Returning ſuns and † *double ſeaſons* paſs:
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy riſe,

* Which blows conſtantly between the tropics from the eaſt, or the collateral points, the north-eaſt and ſouth-eaſt: cauſed by the preſſure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the ſun from eaſt to weſt.

† In all climates between the tropics, the ſun, as he paſſes and repaſſes in his annual motion, is twice a-year vertical, which produces this effect.

Whence

Whence many a burſting ſtream auriferous plays:
Majeſtic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above ſtage, high waving o'er the hills;
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundleſs deep immenſity of ſhade.
Here lofty trees to ancient ſong unknown,
The noble ſons of potent heat and floods
Prone-ruſhing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven
Their thorny ſtems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taſte
And vital ſpirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning ſands that bank the ſhrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

BEAR me, *Pomona!* to thy citron-groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the ſpreading tamarind that ſhakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the maſſy locuſt ſheds,
Quench my hot limbs; or lead me thro' the maze,
Embowering endleſs, of the *Indian* fig;
Or thrown at gayer eaſe, on ſome fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful ſhade.

O ſtretch'd amid theſe orchards of the ſun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freſhening wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which *Bacchus* pours. Nor, on its ſlender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate ſcorn'd;
Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble ſtation dwells
Unboaſtful worth, above faſtidious pomp.
Witneſs, thou beſt Anana, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age:
Quick let me ſtrip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambroſial ſtores, and feaſt with *Jove!*

From theſe the proſpect varies. Plains immenſe
Lie ſtretch'd below interminable meads,
And vaſt ſavannahs, where the wandering eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean loſt.
Another *Flora* there, of bolder hues,
And richer ſweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and ſhowers with ſudden hand
Exuberant ſpring: for oft theſe valleys ſhift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And ſwift to green again, as ſcorching ſuns,
Or ſtreaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.

Along theſe lonely regions, where retir'd,
From little ſcenes of art, great *Nature* dwells

In

In awful ſolitude, and nought is ſeen
But the wild herds that own no maſter's ſtall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fat'ning ſeas;
On whoſe luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green ſcales, the crocodile extends.
The floods diſparts: behold! in plaited mail,
* Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his ſide,
The darted ſteel in idle ſhivers flies:
He fearleſs walks the plain, or ſeeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmleſs ſtranger wondering gaze.

Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that caſt
Their ample ſhade o'er *Niger*'s yellow ſtream,
And where the *Ganges* rolls his ſacred wave;
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High-rais'd in ſolemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant: wiſeſt of brutes!
O truly wiſe! with gentle might endow'd,
Tho' powerful, not deſtructive! Here he ſees
Revolving ages ſweep the changeful earth,
And empires riſe and fall; regardleſs he
Of what the never-reſting race of Men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'ſcape their guile,
Whom mine, from cruel avarice, his ſteps;
Or with his towery grandeur ſwell their ſtate,

* The Hippopotamus, or river-horſe.

The pride of kings! or elſe his ſtrength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Aſtoniſh'd at the madneſs of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid bloſſoms glowing from afar,
Thick ſwarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
That with a ſportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayeſt hues
Profuſely pours. * But, if ſhe bids them ſhine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet frugal ſtill, ſhe humbles them in ſong.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud *Montezuma*'s realm, whoſe legions caſt
A boundleſs radiance waving on the ſun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our ſhades,
Thro' the ſoft ſilence of the liſtening night,
The ſober-ſuited ſongſtreſs trills her lay.

But come, my *Muſe*, the deſert-barrier burſt,
A wild expanſe of lifeleſs ſand and ſky:
And, ſwifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of *Sennar*; ardent climb
The *Nubian* mountains, and the ſecret bounds
Of jealous *Abyſſinia* boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruſſian, who beneath the maſk

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, tho' more beautiful in thier plumage, are obſerved to be leſs melodious than ours.

Of

Of ſocial commerce com'ſt to rob their wealth;
No *holy Fury* thou, blaſpheming HEAVEN,
With conſecrated ſteel to ſtab their peace,
And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To ſpread the purple tyranny of *Rome*.
Thou, like the harmleſs bee, may'ſt freely range,
From mead to mead, bright with exalted flowers,
From jaſmine grove to grove, may'ſt wander gay,
Thro' palmy ſhades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, inveſt the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy ſummit, ſpreading fair,
For many a league; or on ſtupendous rocks,
That from the ſun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas riſe;
And gardens ſmile around, and cultur'd fields;
And fountains guſh; and careleſs herds and flocks
Securely ſtray; a world within itſelf,
Diſdaining all aſſault; there let me draw
Ethereal ſoul, there drink reviving gales,
Profuſely breathing from the ſpicy groves,
And vales of fragrance; there at diſtance hear
The roaring floods, cataracts, that ſweep
From diſembowled earth the virgin-gold;
And o'er the varied landſcape, reſtleſs, rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind:
A land of wonders! which the ſun ſtill eyes

With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the ſcene! in blazing height of noon,
The ſun oppreſs'd, is plung'd in thickeſt gloom.
Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
Of ſtruggling night and day maligant mix'd.
For to the hot equator crouding faſt,
Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
Admits their ſtream, inceſſant vapours roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;
Or whirl'd tempeſtuous by the guſty wind,
Or ſilent borne along, heavy, and ſlow,
With the big ſtores of ſteaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid theſe upper ſeas, condens'd
Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together daſh'd,
The thunder holds his black tremendous throne:
From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Diſſolv'd, the whole precipitated maſs
Unbroken floods and ſolid torrents pours.

The treaſures theſe, hid from the bounded ſearch
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the ſwelling *Nile*.
From his two ſprings, in *Gojam*'s ſunny realm,
Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake
Of fair *Dambea* rolls his infant-ſtream.

There

There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he ſports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant iſles,
That with unfading verdure ſmile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellowed treaſures of the ſky,
Winds in progreſſive majeſty along:
Thro' ſplendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er ſolitary tracts
Of life-deſerted ſand; till, glad to quit
The joyleſs deſart, down the *Nubian* rocks
From thundering ſteep to ſteep, he pours his urn,
And *Egypt* joys beneath the ſpreading wave.

His brother *Niger* too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of *Afric* lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that form the tract
Of woody mountains ſtretch'd thro' gorgeous *Ind*
Fall on *Cormandel*'s coaſt, or *Malabar*;
From * *Menam*'s orient ſtream, that nightly ſhines
With inſect lamps, to where Aurora ſheds
On *Indus*' ſmiling banks the roſy ſhower:
All, at this bounteous ſeaſon ope their urns,
And pour untoiling harveſt o'er the land.

Nor leſs thy world, Columbus, drinks, refreſh'd,
The laviſh moiſture of the melting year.

* The river that runs thro' *Siam*; on whoſe banks a vaſt multitude of thoſe inſects called *Fire-flies* make a beautiful appearance in the night.

Wide o'er his iſles, the branching *Oronoque*
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-ſufficing trees,
At once, his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thouſand ſtreams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring *Andes*, huge deſcends
The mighty † *Orellana*. Scarce the Muſe
Dares ſtreteh her wing o'er this enormous maſs
Of ruſhing water; ſcarce ſhe dares attempt
The ſea-like *Plata;* to whoſe dread expanſe,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of courſe,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In ſilent dignity they ſweep along,
And traverſe realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful deſarts, worlds of ſolitude,
Where the ſun ſmiles and ſeaſons teem in vain,
Unſeen, and unenjoy'd. Forſaking theſe,
O'er peopled plains they fair diffuſive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle ſafe,
In their ſoft boſom, many a happy iſle;
The ſeat of blameleſs *Pan*, yet undiſturb'd
By Chriſtian crimes and *Europe*'s cruel ſons.
Thus pouring on they proudly ſeek the deep,
Whoſe vanquiſh'd tide, recoiling from the ſhock,
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

† The river of the Amazons.

But what avails this wondrous waſte of wealth? 860
This gay profuſion of luxurious bliſs?
This pomp of Nature! what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and *Ceres* void of pain?
By vagrant birds diſpers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cold draughts,
Th' ambroſial food, rich gums, and ſpicy health, 866
Their foreſts yield? their toiling inſects what,
Their ſilky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treaſures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870
Golconda's gems, and ſad *Potoſi*'s mines;
Where dwelt the gentleſt children of the ſun?
What all that *Afric*'s golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and ſhining ivory ſtores?
Ill-fated race! the ſoftening arts of Peace, 875
Whate'er the humanizing Muſes teach;
The godlike wiſdom of the temper'd breaſt;
Progreſſive truth, the patient force of thought:
Inveſtigation calm, whoſe ſilent powers
Command the world; the LIGHT that leads to HEAVEN; 880
Kind equal rule, the government of laws, 881
And all-protecting FREEDOM, which alone
Suſtains the name and dignity of Man:
Theſe are not theirs. The parent-ſun himſelf
Seems o'er this world-of ſlaves to tyrannize; 885
And, with oppreſſive ray, the roſeat bloom
Of beauty blaſting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature groſs: or worſe, to ruthleſs deeds,

Mad

Mad jealouſy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid ſpirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The ſoft regards, the tenderneſs of life,
The heart-ſhed tear, th' ineffable delight
Of ſweet humanity: theſe court the beam
Of milder climes; in ſelfiſh fierce deſire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous ſenſe,
There loſt. The very brute-creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green ſerpent, from his dark abode,
Which even Imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-iſſuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immenſe; then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreſhing fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds; and while, with threatning tongue,
And deathful jaws erect, the monſter curls
His flaming creſt, all other thirſt, appall'd
Or ſhivering flies, or check'd at diſtance ſtands,
Nor dares approach. But ſtill more direful he,
The ſmall cloſe-lurking miniſter of fate,
Whoſe high-concocted venom thro' the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arreſting ſwift
The vital current. Torm'd to humble Man,
This child of vengeful Nature! There, ſublim'd
To fearleſs luſt of blood, the ſavage race
Roam, licens'd by the ſhading hour of guilt,
And foul miſdeed, when the pure day has ſhut
His ſacred eye. The tyger darting fierce

Impetuous

Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:
The lively-ſhining leopard, ſpeckled o'er
With many a ſpot, the beauty of the waſte;
And, ſcorning all the taming arts of Man,
The keen hyena, felleſt of the fell.
Theſe, ruſhing from th' inhoſpitable woods
Of *Mauritania*, or the tufted iſles,
That verdent riſe amid the *Lybian* wild,
Innumerous glare around their ſhaggy king,
Majeſtic, ſtalking o'er the printed ſand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Croud near the guardian ſwain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural eaſe,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awakened village ſtarts;
And to her fluttering breaſt the mother ſtrains
Her thoughtleſs infant. From the *Pyrate*'s den,
Or ſtern *Morocco*'s tyrant fang eſcap'd,
The wretch half-wiſhes for his bonds again:
While, uproar all, the wilderneſs reſounds,
From *Atlas* eaſtward to the frighted *Nile*.

Unhappy he! who from the firſt of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he ſits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the fartheſt verge,

Where

Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-diſcovered, dropping from the clouds.
At evening, to the ſetting ſun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpleſs; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiſs continual thro' the tedious night.
Yet here, even here, into theſe black abodes
Of monſters, unappall'd, from ſtooping *Rome*,
And guilty *Cæſar*, LIBERTY retir'd,
Her CATO following thro' *Numidian* wilds:
Diſdainful of *Campania*'s gentle plains,
And all the green delights *Auſonia* pours;
When for them ſhe muſt bend the ſervile knee,
And fawning take the ſplendid robber's boon.

NOR ſtop the terrors of theſe regions here.
Commiſſion'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let looſe the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
From all the boundleſs furnace of the ſky,
And the wide glittering waſte of burning ſand,
A ſuffocating wind the pilgrim ſmites
With inſtant death. Patient of thirſt and toil,
Son of the deſart! even the camel feels,
Shot thro' his wither'd heart, the fiery blaſt.
Or from the black-red ether, burſting broad,
Sallies the ſudden whirlwind. Strait the ſands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play:
Nearer and nearer ſtill they darkening come;
Till with the general all-involving ſtorm

Swept

Swept up, the whole continuous wilds ariſe;
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown.
Or ſunk at night in ſad diſaſtrous ſleep,
Beneath deſcending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In *Cairo*'s crouded ſtreets
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And *Mecca* ſaddens at the long delay.

But chief at ſea, whoſe every flexile wave
Obeys the blaſt, the aërial tumult ſwells.
In the dread occean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling † Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhauſting all the rage of all the ſky,
And dire † Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
Falſely ſerene, deep in a cloudy ‡ ſpeck
Compreſs'd, the mighty tempeſt brooding dwells.
Of no regard, ſave to the ſkilful eye,
Fiery and foul, the ſmall prognoſtic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Muſters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon ſends before,
To tempt the ſpreading ſail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, deſcends a mingled maſs
Of roaring winds, and flame, and ruſhing floods.

† *Typhon* and *Ecnephia*, names of particular ſtorms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

‡ Called by ſailors the *Ox-eye*, being in appearance at firſt no bigger.

In

In wild amazement fix'd the ſailor ſtands.
Art is too ſlow: By rapid fate oppreſs'd,
His broad-wing'd veſſel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the boſom of the black abyſs.
With ſuch mad ſeas the daring † GAMA fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Inceſſant, lab'ring round the *ſtormy Cape;*
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirſt
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
The riſing world of trade: the *Genius*, then,
Of navigation, that, in hopeleſs ſloth,
Had ſlumber'd on the vaſt Atlantic deep,
For idle ages, ſtarting, heard at laſt
The ‡ LUSITANIAN PRINCE; who, HEAV'N-inſpir'd
To love of uſeful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.

INCREASING ſtill the terrors of theſe ſtorms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful ſhark. Lur'd by the ſcent
Of ſteaming crouds, of rank diſeaſe, and death,
Behold! he ruſhing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ſhip along;
And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which ſpoils unhappy *Guinea* of her ſons,

† VASCO DE GAMA, the firſt who ſailed round *Africa*, by the *Cape of Good Hope*, to the *Eaſt-Indies*.

‡ DON HENRY, third ſon to *John* the firſt king of *Portugal*. His ſtrong genius to the diſcovery of new countries was the chief ſource af all the modern improvements in navigation.

De-

Demands his ſhare of prey; demands themſelves.
The ſtormy fates deſcend: one death involves
Tyrants and ſlaves; when ſtrait their mangled limbs
Craſhing at once, he dyes the purple ſeas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immenſe, looks out the joyleſs ſun,
And draws the copious ſteam: from ſwampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes deſtructive myriads; or from woods,
Impenetrable ſhades, receſſes foul,
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
Whoſe gloomy horrors yet no deſperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, waſteful, forth
Walks the dire *Power* of peſtilent diſeaſe.
A thouſand hideous fiends her courſe attend,
Sick Nature blaſting, and to heartleſs woe,
And feeble deſolation, caſting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.
Such as, of late, at *Carthagena* quench'd
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, ſaw
The miſerable ſcene; you, pitying, ſaw
To infant-weakneſs ſunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghaſtly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamleſs eye
No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
Of agonizing ſhips, from ſhore to ſhore;

Heard, nightly plung'd amid the ſullen waves,
The frequent corſe; while on each other fix'd,
In ſad preſage, the blank aſſiſtants ſeem'd,
Silent to aſk, whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention thoſe inclement ſkies,
Where, frequent o'er the ſickening city, Plague,
The fierceſt child of Nemesis divine,
Deſcends? * From *Ethiopia*'s poiſoned woods,
From ſtifled *Cairo*'s filth, and fetid fields
With locuſt-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great deſtroyer ſprung. Her awful rage
The brutes eſcape: Man is her deſtin'd prey,
Intemperate Man! and o'er his guilty domes,
She draws a cloſe incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholeſome breeze; and ſtain'd
With many a mixture by the ſun ſuffus'd,
Of angry aſpect. Princely Wiſdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble Juſtice, ineffectual, drop
The ſword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
And huſh'd the clamour of the buſy world.
Empty the ſtreets, with uncouth verdure clad;
Into the worſt of deſarts ſudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of Men; unleſs eſcap'd
From the doom'd houſe, where matchleſs horror reigns,

* Theſe are the cauſes ſuppoſed to be the firſt origin of the *Plague*, in Dr Mead's elegant book on that ſubject.

Shut

Shut up by barbarous fear, the ſmitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks looſe; and, loud to heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwiſe. The ſullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors ſociety:
Dependents, friends, relations, love himſelf,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The ſweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their ſelfiſh care: the circling ſky,
The wide-enlivening air is full of fate;
And, ſtruck by turns, in ſolitary pangs
They fall, unbleſt, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the proſtrate city black Deſpair
Extends her raven wing; while, to complete
The ſcene of deſolation, ſtretch'd around,
The grim guards ſtand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unſung: the rage intenſe
Of brazen-vaulted ſkies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine ſtarve the blaſted year:
Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
The infuriate hill that ſhoots the pillar'd flame;
And, rous'd within the ſubterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that reſiſtleſs ſhakes
Aſpiring cities from their ſolid baſe,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.
But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muſe:
A nearer ſcene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, ſlow-ſettling o'er the lurid grove
Unuſual darkneſs broods; and growing gains
The full poſſeſſion of the ſky, ſurcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the ſecret beds,
Where ſleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery ſpume
Of fat Bitumen, ſteaming on the day,
With various tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the ſky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The daſh of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious ſpring. A boding ſilence reigns,
Dread thro' the dun expanſe; ſave the dull ſound
That from the mountain, previous to the ſtorm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, diſturbs the flood,
And ſhakes the foreſt-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the loweſt vale, th' aëreal tribes
Deſcend: the tempeſt-loving raven ſcarce
Dares wing the dubious duſk. In rueful gaze
The cattle ſtand, and on the ſcowling heavens
Caſt a deploring eye; by Man forſook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him faſt,
Or ſeeks the ſhelter of the downward cave.

'Tis liſtening fear, and dumb amazement all:
When to the ſtartled eye the ſudden glance
Appears far ſouth, eruptive thro' the cloud;

And following ſlower, in exploſion vaſt,
The Thunder raiſes his tremendous voice.
At firſt, heard ſolemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempeſt growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flaſh a larger curve, and more
The noiſe aſtounds: till over head a ſheet
Of livid flame diſcloſes wide; then ſhuts
And opens wider; ſhuts and opens ſtill
Expanſive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the looſen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, depending, mingling; peal on peal
Cruſh'd horrible, convulſing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of ſonorous hail,
Or prone-deſcending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds,
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning ſtruggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the ſtroke, above the ſmouldring pine
Stands a ſad ſhatter'd trunk; and, ſtretch'd below,
A lifeleſs groupe the blaſted cattle lie:
Here the ſoft flocks, with that ſame harmleſs look
They wore alive, and ruminating ſtill
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
An ox half-rais'd. Struck on the caſtled cliff,
The venerable tower and ſpiry fane
Reſign their aged pride. The gloomy woods

Start at the flaſh, and from their deep receſs,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates ſhake.
Amid *Carnarvon*'s mountains rages loud
The repercuſſive roar: with mighty cruſh,
Into the flaſhing deep, from the rude rocks
Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the ſky,
Tumble the ſmitten cliffs; and *Snowden*'s peak,
Diſſolving, inſtant yields his wintry load.
Far-ſeen, the heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,
And *Thule* bellows thro' her utmoſt iſles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.
And yet not always on the guilty head
Deſcends the fated flaſh. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchleſs pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The ſame, diſtinguiſh'd by their ſex alone;
Hers the mild luſtre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the riſen day.

They lov'd: But ſuch their guileleſs paſſion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undiſſembling truth.
'Twas friendſhip heightened by the mutual wiſh,
Th' enchanting hope, and ſympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer ſelf;
Supremely happy in th' awakened power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the ſhades,

Still

Still in harmonious intercourſe they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or ſigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So paſs'd their life, a clear united ſtream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempeſt caught them on the tender walk,
Heedleſs how far, and where its mazes ſtray'd;
While, with each other bleſt, creative love
Still bade eternal *Eden* ſmile around.
Preſaging inſtant fate her boſom heav'd
Unwonted ſighs, and ſtealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on CELADON her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her diſorder'd cheek.
In vain aſſuring love, and confidence
In HEAVEN, repreſs'd her fear: it grew and ſhook
Her frame near diſſolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying ſaints, his eyes compaſſion ſhed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he ſaid,
"Sweet innocence! thou ſtranger to offence,
"And inward ſtorm! HE, who yon ſkies involves
"In frowns of darkneſs, ever ſmiles on thee
"With kind regard. O'er thee the ſecret ſhaft
"That waſtes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
"Of noon, flies harmleſs: and that very voice,
"Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
"With tongues of ſeraphs whiſpers peace to thine.
"'Tis ſafety to be near thee ſure, and thus

"To

" To claſp perfection !" From his void embrace,
Myſterious Heaven ! that moment, to the ground,
A blackened corſe, was ſtruck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he ſtood,
Pierc'd by ſevere amazement, hating life,
Speechleſs, and fix'd on all the death of woe !
So, faint reſemblance ! on the marble tomb,
The well-diſſembled mourner ſtooping ſtands,
For ever ſilent, and for ever ſad.

As from the face of heaven the ſhattered clouds
Tumultuous rove, the interminable ſky
Sublimer ſwells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Thro' the lightened air
A higher luſtre and a clearer calm,
Diffuſive, tremble; while, as if in ſign
Of danger paſt, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Inveſts the fields; and nature ſmiles reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful ſong around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
And ſhall the hymn be marr'd by thankleſs man,
Moſt-favour'd ; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world ?
Shall he, ſo ſoon forgetful of the hand
That huſh'd the thunder, and ſerenes the ſky,
Extinguiſh'd feel that ſpark the tempeſt wak'd,

That

That ſenſe of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has loſt its fears?

CHEER'D by the milder beam, the ſprightly youth
Speeds to the well known pool, whoſe cryſtal depth
A ſandy bottom ſhews. A while he ſtands
Gazing th' inverted landſcape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon treſſes, and his roſy cheek
Inſtant emerge; and thro' the obedient wave,
At each ſhort breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an eaſy winding path;
While, from his poliſh'd ſides, a dewy light
Effuſes on the pleas'd ſpectators round.

THIS is the pureſt exerciſe of health,
The kind refreſher of the ſummer heats;
Nor, when cold WINTER keens the bright'ning flood,
Would I weak ſhivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preſerv'd
By the bold ſwimmer, in the ſwift illapſe
Of accident diſaſt'rous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the ſame *Roman* arm,
That roſe victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
Firſt learn'd, while tender, to ſubdue the wave.
Even, from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a ſecret ſympathetic aid.

CLOSE

Close in the covert of an hazel copſe,
Where winded into pleaſing ſolitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon ſat,
Penſive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the ſtream that down the diſtant rocks
Hoarſe-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falſely he
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breaſt,
In baſhful coyneſs, or in maiden-pride,
The ſoft return conceal'd; ſave when it ſtole
In ſide-long glances from her downcaſt eye,
Or from her ſwelling ſoul in ſtifled ſighs.
Touch'd by the ſcene, no ſtranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant-paſſion ſtruggled there,
To call that paſſion forth. Thrice happy ſwain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora ſought:
Warm in her cheek the ſultry ſeaſon glow'd;
And, rob'd in looſe array, ſhe came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreſhing ſtream.
What ſhall he do? In ſweet confuſion loſt,
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of ſoul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breaſt, and urg'd him to retire:

But

But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, ſay,
Say, ye ſevereſt, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever bleſt
Arcadian ſtream, with timid eye around
The banks ſurveying, ſtripp'd her beauteous limbs,
To taſte the lucid coolneſs of the flood.
Ah then! not *Paris* on the piny top
Of Ida panted ſtronger, when aſide
The rival-goddeſſes the veil divine
Caſt unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, DAMON, thou; as from the ſnowy leg,
And ſlender foot, th' inverted ſilk ſhe drew;
As the ſoft touch diſſolv'd the virgin zone;
And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breaſt,
With youth wild-throbbing, on the lawleſs gaze
In full luxuriance roſe. But, deſperate youth,
How durſt thou riſk the ſoul-diſtracting view;
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious ſwell'd by Nature's fineſt hand,
In folds looſe-floating fell the fainter lawn;
And fair-expos'd ſhe ſtood, ſhrunk from herſelf,
With fancy bluſhing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and ſtarting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood ſhe ruſh'd; the parted flood
Its lovely gueſt with cloſing waves receiv'd;
And every beauty ſoftening, every grace
Fluſhing anew, a mellow luſtre ſhed:
As ſhines the lily thro' the cryſtal mild;
Or as the roſe amid the morning dew,

Freſh

Freſh from *Aurora*'s hand, more ſweetly glows.
While thus ſhe wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill-conceal'd; and now with ſtreaming locks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
Riſing again, the latent DAMON drew
Such madning draughts of beauty to the ſoul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at laſt,
By love's reſpectful modeſty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if ought profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and, ſtruggling from the ſhade,
With headlong hurry fled: but firſt theſe lines,
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my fair,
"Yet unbeheld, ſave by the ſacred eye
"Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
"To keep from thy receſs each vagrant foot,
"And each licentious eye." With wild ſurprize,
As if to marble ſtruck, devoid of ſenſe,
A ſtupid moment motionleſs ſhe ſtood:
So ſtands the * ſtatue that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchleſs boaſt,
The mingling beauties of exulting *Greece*.
Recovering, ſwift ſhe flew to find thoſe robes
Which bliſsful *Eden* knew not; and, array'd
In careleſs haſte, th' alarming paper ſnatch'd.
But, when her DAMON's well-known hand ſhe ſaw,
Her terrors vaniſh'd, and a ſofter train

* The Venus of *Medici*.

Of

Of mixt emotions, hard to be deſcrib'd,
Her ſudden boſom ſeiz'd: ſhame void of guilt,
The charming bluſh of innocence, eſteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modeſty exalted: even a ſenſe
Of ſelf-approving beauty ſtole acroſs
Her buſy thought. At length, a tender calm
Huſh'd by degrees the tumult of her ſoul;
And on the ſpreading beech, that o'er the ſtream
Incumbent hung, ſhe with the ſilvan pen
Of rural lovers this confeſſion carv'd,
Which ſoon her DAMON kiſs'd with weeping joy:
"Dear youth! ſole judge of what theſe verſes mean,
"By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
"Alas! not favour'd leſs, be ſtill as now
"Diſcreet: the time may come you need not fly."

THE ſun has loſt his rage: his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital luſtre; that with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, thoſe beauteous robes of heaven,
Inceſſant roll'd into romantic ſhapes,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and ſwelling faſt
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the ſoft hour
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
To ſeek the diſtant hills, and there converſe
With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,

And in pathetic ſong to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy uniſon of ſoul;
To whoſe exalting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpſe,
Diſplays its charms; whoſe minds are richly fraught
With philoſophic ſtores, ſuperior light;
And in whoſe breaſt, enthuſiaſtic, burns
Virtue, the ſons of intereſt deem romance;
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:
Now to the verdant *Portico* of woods,
To Nature's vaſt *Lyceum*, forth they walk;
By that kind *School* where no proud maſter reigns,
The full free converſe of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to ſweet retirement, lovers ſteal,
And pour their ſouls in tranſport, which the SIRE
Of love approving hears, and *calls it good.*
Which way, AMANDA, ſhall we bend our courſe?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore ſhould we chuſe;
All is the ſame with thee. Say, ſhall we wind
Along the ſtreams? or walk the ſmiling mead?
Or court the foreſt-glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harveſts? or aſcend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful * *Shene?* Here let us ſweep
The boundleſs landſcape: now the raptur'd eye,

* The old name of *Richmond*, ſignifying in Saxon *Shining* or *Splendor*.

Exulting

Exulting ſwift, to huge AUGUSTA ſend,
Now to the * *Siſter-Hills* that ſkirt her plain,
To lofty *Harrow* now, and now to where
Majeſtic *Windſor* lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contraſt to this glorious view
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the ſilver THAMES firſt rural grows.
There let the feaſted eye unwearied ſtray:
Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendent woods
That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's retreat;
And ſtooping thence to *Ham*'s embowering walks,
Beneath whoſe ſhades, in ſpotleſs peace retir'd,
With HER the pleaſing partner of his heart,
The worthy QUEENSB'RY yet laments his GAY,
And poliſh'd CORNBURY wooes the willing Muſe,
Slow let us trace the matchleſs VALE OF THAMES;
Fair-winding up to where the Muſes haunt
In *Twit'nam*'s bowers, and for their POPE implore
The healing God †; to royal *Hampton*'s pile,
To *Clermont*'s terraſs'd height, and *Eſher*'s groves,
Where in the ſweeteſt ſolitude, embrac'd
By the ſoft windings of the ſilent *Mole*,
From courts and ſenates PELHAM finds repoſe.
Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muſe
Has of *Achaia* or *Heſperia* ſung!
O vale of bliſs! O ſoftly-ſwelling hills!
On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies,
And joys to ſee the wonders of his toil.

* *Highgate* and *Hampſtead*. † In his laſt ſickneſs.

HEAVENS! what a goodly proſpect ſpreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and ſpires,
And glittering towns, and gilded ſtreams, till all
The ſtretching landſcape into ſmoke decays!
Happy BRITANNIA! where the QUEEN OF ARTS,
Inſpiring vigour, LIBERTY abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy fartheſt cotts,
And ſcatters plenty with unſparing hand.

RICH is thy ſoil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy ſtreams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberleſs; while, roving round their ſides,
Bellow the blackening herds in luſty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and riſe unquell'd
Againſt the mower's ſcythe. On every hand
Thy villas ſhine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property aſſures it to the ſwain,
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

FULL are thy cities with the ſons of art:
And trade and joy, in every buſy ſtreet,
Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himſelf,
As at the car he ſweats, or duſty hews
The palace-ſtone, looks gay. Thy crouded ports,
Where riſing maſts an endleſs proſpect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the ſhouts
Of hurried ſailor, as he hearty waves

His

His laſt adieu, and, looſening every ſheet,
Reſigns the ſpreading veſſel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardſhip ſinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and firſt
Or on the liſted plain, or ſtormy ſeas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful ſires preſide;
In genius, and ſubſtantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hoſpitable, kind;
Yet like the muſtering thunder when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the ſole reſource
Of thoſe that under grim oppreſſion groan.

Thy Sons of Glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the ſplendor of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whoſe hallow'd name the virtues ſaint,
And *his own* Muſes love; the beſt of *Kings!*
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys ſhine,
Names dear to Fame; the firſt who deep impreſs'd
On haughty *Gaul* the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius ſtill. In *Stateſmen* thou,
And *Patriots*, fertile. Thine a ſteady More,
Who, with a generous, tho' miſtaken zeal,
Withſtood a brutal tyrant's uſeful rage,
Like Cato firm, like Aristides juſt,

Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor,
A dauntleſs ſoul erect, who ſmil'd on death.
Frugal, and wiſe, a WALSINGHAM is thine;
A DRAKE, who made thee miſtreſs of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy ſpirit high: but who can ſpeak
The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN?
In RALEIGH mark their ev'ry glory mix'd;
RALEIGH, the ſcourge of *Spain*, whoſe breaſt with all
The ſage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd,
Nor ſunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at laſt reſign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquiſh'd foe.
Then, active ſtill and unreſtrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vaſt extent of ages paſt,
And with his priſon-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long reſearch,
So glorious, or ſo baſe, as thoſe he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the Muſe the gallant SIDNEY paſs,
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.
A HAMDEN too is thine, illuſtrious land,
Wiſe, ſtrenuous, firm, of unſubmitting ſoul,
Who ſtem'd the torrent of a downward age
To ſlavery prone, and bade thee riſe again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy age of *Men* effulg'd,
Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye

Shall

Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every ſweeteſt flower, and let me ſtrew
The grave where RUSSEL lies; whoſe temper'd blood,
With calmeſt cheerfulneſs for thee reſign'd,
Stain'd the ſad annals of a giddy reign;
Aiming at lawleſs power, tho' meanly ſunk
In looſe inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the * BRITISH CASSIUS, fearleſs bled;
Of high determin'd ſpirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to th' enlightened love
Of antient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards*;
Soon as the light of dawning Science ſpread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muſes' ſong.
Thine is a BACON; hapleſs in his choice,
Unfit to ſtand the civil ſtorm of ſtate,
And thro' the ſmooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward ſtill
To urge his courſe: him for the ſtudious ſhade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehenſive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich ſoul,
PLATO, the STAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloiſter'd monks, and jargon-teaching ſchools,
Led forth the true Philoſophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of HEAVEN! that ſlow-aſcending ſtill,

* ALGERNON SIDNEY.

Inveſtigating

Inveſtigating ſure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to HEAVEN again.
The generous * ASHLEY thine, the friend of man;
Who ſcann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,
His weakneſs prompt to ſhade, to raiſe his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart.
Why need I name thy BOYLE, whoſe pious ſearch
Amid the dark receſſes of his works,
The great CREATOR ſought! And why thy LOCKE,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let NEWTON, *pure Intelligence*, whom GOD
To mortals lent, to trace his boundleſs works
From laws ſublimely ſimple, ſpeak thy fame
In all philoſophy. For lofty ſenſe,
Creative fancy, and inſpection keen
Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild SHAKESPEAR thine and Nature's boaſt?
Is not each great, each amiable Muſe
Of claſſic-ages in thy MILTON met?
A genius univerſal as his theme;
Aſtoniſhing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven ſublime.
Nor ſhall my verſe that elder bard forget,
The gentle SPENCER, Fancy's pleaſing ſon;
Who, like a copious river, poured his ſong
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor thee, his antient maſter, laughing ſage,

* ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, Earl of *Shaftesbury*.

CHAUCER,

CHAUCER, whoſe native manners-painting verſe,
Well-moraliz'd, ſhines thro' the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

MAY my ſong ſoften, as thy DAUGHTERS I,
BRITANNIA, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, ſimplicity of life,
And elegance, and taſte: the faultleſs form,
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimſon, thro' the native white
Soft-ſhooting, o'er the face diffuſes bloom,
And every nameleſs grace; the parted lip,
Like the red roſe-bud moiſt with morning-dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or ſunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck ſlight-ſhaded, and the ſwelling breaſt;
The look reſiſtleſs, piercing to the ſoul,
And by the ſoul inform'd, when dreſt in love
She ſits high-ſmiling in the conſcious eye.

ISLAND of bliſs! amid the ſubject ſeas,
That thunder round thy rocky coaſts ſet up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of diſtant nations; whoſe remoteſt ſhores
Can ſoon be ſhaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be ſhook thyſelf, but all aſſaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud ſea-wave.

O THOU! by whoſe almighty *Nod* the ſcale
Of empire riſes, or alternate falls,

Send

Send forth the ſaving VIRTUES round the land,
In bright patrol: white *Peace*, and ſocial *Love*;
The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
On gentle deeds, and ſhedding tears thro' ſmiles;
Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; ſound *Temperance*,
Healthful in heart and look; clear *Chaſtity*,
With bluſhes reddening as ſhe moves along,
Diſordered at the deep regard ſhe draws;
Rough *Induſtry*; *Activity* untir'd,
With copious life inform'd and all awake:
While in the radiant front, ſuperior ſhines
That firſt paternal virtue, *Public Zeal*;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide ſurvey,
And, ever muſing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with ſome great deſign.

Low walks the ſun, and broadens by degrees,
Juſt o'er the verge of day. The ſhifting clouds
Aſſembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his ſetting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean ſmile immenſe. And now,
As if his weary chariot ſought the bowers
Of *Amphitrite*, and her tending nymphs,
(So *Grecian* fable ſung) he dips his orb;
Now half immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total diſappears.

FOR ever running an enchanted round,
Paſſes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;

As

As fleets the viſion o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild th' impaſſion'd ſoul,
The next in nothing loſt. 'Tis ſo to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
A ſight of horror to the cruel wretch,
Who all day long in ſordid pleaſure roll'd,
Himſelf an uſeleſs load; has ſquander'd vile,
Upon his ſcoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modeſt worth.
But to the generous ſtill-improving mind,
That gives the hopeleſs heart to ſing for joy,
Diffuſing kind benefices around,
Boaſtleſs, as now deſcends the ſilent dew;
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Confess'd from yonder ſlow-extinguiſh'd clouds,
All ether ſoftening, ſober *Evening* takes
Her wonted ſtation in the middle air;
A thouſand *ſhadows* at her beck. Firſt *this*
She ſends on earth; then *that* of deeper dye
Steals ſoft behind; and then a *deeper* ſtill,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To cloſe the face of things. A freſher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and ſtir the ſtream,
Sweeping with ſhadowy guſt the fields of corn;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thiſtly lawn, as ſwells the breeze,
A whitening ſhower of vegetable down
Amuſive floats. The kind impartial care

Of

Of Nature nought diſdains: thoughtful to feed
Her loweſt ſons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feathered ſeeds ſhe wings.

His folded flock ſecure, the ſhepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witleſs heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguiſh means,
Sincerely loves, by that beſt language ſhewn
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they paſs, o'er many a panting height,
And valley ſunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game, and revelry, to paſs
The ſummer-night, as village-ſtories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Againſt his own ſad breaſt to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is alſo ſhun'd: whoſe mournful chambers hold,
So night-ſtruck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghoſt.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and thro' the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. *Evening* yields
The world to *Night*; not in her winter-robe
Of maſſy Stygian woof, but looſe array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect ſurfaces of things,

Flings

Flings half an image on the ſtraining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and ſtreams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th' aſcending gleam, are all one ſwimming ſcene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary viſion turns; where, leading ſoft
The ſilent hours of love, with pureſt ray
Sweet *Venus* ſhines; and from her genial riſe,
When day-light ſickens till it ſprings afreſh,
Unrival'd reigns, the faireſt lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cheriſh'd gaze, the lambent lightnings ſhoot
Acroſs the ſky; or horizontal dart
In wondrous ſhapes: by fearful murmuring crouds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the ſky,
The life-infuſing ſuns of other worlds;
Lo! from the dread immenſity of ſpace
Returning, with accelerated courſe,
The ruſhing comet to the ſun deſcends;
And as he ſinks below the ſhading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Thoſe ſuperſtitious horrors that enſlave
The fond ſequacious herd, to myſtic faith
And blind amazement prone, the enlightened few,
Whoſe godlike minds philoſophy exalts,
The glorious ſtranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting ſpurns

This duſky ſpot, and meaſures all the ſky;
While, from his far excurſion thro' the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
They ſee the blazing wonder riſe anew,
In ſeeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-ſuſtaining LOVE:
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to ſhake
Reviving moiſture on the numerous orbs,
Thro' which his long ellipſis winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining ſuns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

WITH thee, ſerene PHILOSOPHY, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my ſong!
Effuſive ſource of evidence, and truth!
A luſtre ſhedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than ſummer-noon; and pure as that,
Whoſe mild vibrations ſooth the parted ſoul,
New to the dawning of celeſtial day.
Hence thro' her nouriſh'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
She ſprings aloft with elevated pride,
Above the tangling maſs of low deſires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of ſcience and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
Or in the ſtarry regions, or th' abyſs,
To Reaſon's and to Fancy's eye diſplay'd:
The *Firſt* up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of cauſes and effects, to HIM,
The world-producing ESSENCE, who alone

Poſſeſſes

Poſſeſſes being; while the *Laſt* receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier ſenſe,
Diffuſive painted on the rapid mind.

TUTOR'D by thee, hence POETRY exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With muſic, image, ſentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treaſure of mankind!
Their higheſt honour, and their trueſt joy!

WITHOUT thee, what where unenlightened man?
A ſavage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,
In queſt of prey; and with th' unfaſhioned fur
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happineſs
Domeſtic, mix'd of tenderneſs and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor ſocial bliſs,
Nor guardian law were his; nor various ſkill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearleſs braves
The burning line or dares the wintry pool;
Mother ſevere of infinite delights!
Nothing, ſavè rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a ſtill revolving train!
Whoſe horrid circle had made human life
Than non-exiſtence worſe; but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy, and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all

Embelliſh life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, PHILOSOPHY directs
The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
Of potent Heaven, inviſible, the ſail
Swells out and bears th' inferior world along.

NOR to this evaneſcent ſpeck of earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are here exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation thro'; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the SOLE BEING right, who *ſpoke the word*,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
Thence on th' ideal kingdom ſwift ſhe turns
Her eye; and inſtant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vaniſh or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order ſhift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:
To reaſon then, deducing truth from truth;
And notion quite abſtract; where firſt begins
The world of ſpirits, action all, and life
Unfettered, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, ſits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark ſtate,
In wayward paſſions loſt, and vain purſuits,
This Infancy of Being, cannot prove
The final Iſſue of the works of GOD,
By boundleſs Love and perfect WISDOM form'd,
And ever riſing with the riſing mind.

AUTUMN.

The ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Addreſſed to Mr ONSLOW. *A proſpect of the fields ready for harveſt. Reflections in praiſe of induſtry raiſed by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harveſt ſtorm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A deſcription of fogs, frequent in the latter part of* Autumn; *whence a digreſſion, inquiring into the riſe of fountains and rivers. Birds of ſeaſon conſidered, that now ſhift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and weſtern iſles of* SCOTLAND. *Hence a view of the country. A proſpect of the diſcoloured, fading woods. After a gentle duſky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which ſucceeds a calm, pure, ſun-ſhiny day, ſuch as uſually ſhuts up the ſeaſon. The harveſt being gathered in, the country diſſolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philoſophical country life.*

15
63
MAY

Autumn

AUTUMN.

CROWN'D with the ſickle and the wheaten ſheaf,
While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the *Doric* reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry froſt
Nitrous prepar'd; the various bloſſom'd Spring
Put in white promiſe forth; and Summer-ſuns
Concocted ſtrong; ruſh boundleſs now to view,
Full, perfect all, and ſwell my glorious theme.

ONSLOW! the Muſe, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inſpire, and dignify her ſong,
Would from the *Public Voice* thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares ſhe knows,
The patriot-virtues that diſtend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy boſom glow;
While liſtening ſenates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods, ſweeter than her ſong.
But ſhe too pants for public virtue, ſhe,
Tho' weak of power, yet ſtrong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country ruſhes on her heart,
Aſſumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright *Virgin* gives the beauteous days,
And *Libra* weighs in equal ſcales the year;
From heav'ns high cope the fierce effulgence ſhook
Of parting Summer, a ſerener blue,
With golden light enlivened, wide inveſts
The happy world. Attemper'd ſuns ariſe,
Sweet-beam'd, and ſhedding oft thro' lucid clouds
A pleaſing calm; while broad, and brown, below
Extenſive harveſts hang the heavy head.
Rich, ſilent, deep, they ſtand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poiſe, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the ſky;
The clouds fly different; and the ſudden ſun
By fits effulgent, gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black by fits the ſhadows ſweep along.
A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can ſhoot around,
Unbounded toſſing in a flood of corn.

These are thy bleſſings, Industry! rough power!
Whom labour ſtill attends, and ſweat, and pain:
Yet the kind ſource of every gentle art,
And all the ſoft civility of life:
Raiſer of human kind! by Nature caſt,
Naked, and helpleſs, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various ſeeds of art deep in the mind

Im-

Implanted, and profuſely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted in th' unconſcious breaſt,
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption ſtill,
Voracious, ſwallowed what the liberal hand
Of bounty ſcatter'd o'er the ſavage year:
And ſtill the ſad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beaſts of prey; or for his acorn meal
Fought the fierce tuſky boar; a ſhivering wretch!
Aghaſt, and comfortleſs, when the bleak north,
With Winter charg'd, let the mixt tempeſt fly,
Hail, rain, and ſnow, and bitter-breathing froſt:
Then to the ſhelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild ſeaſon, ſordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the reſort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and ſupported, poliſh'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliſs.
But this the rugged ſavage never felt,
Even deſolate in clouds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waſte of time! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miſerable ſloth:
His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
Where laviſh Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; ſhew'd him how to raiſe
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,

On what the torrent, and the gather'd blaſt;
Gave the tall ancient foreſt to his ax;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the ſtone,
Till by degrees the finiſh'd fabric roſe;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly veſtment warm,
Or bright in gloſſy ſilk, and flowing lawn;
With wholeſome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glaſs around, inſpir'd to wake
The life-refining ſoul of decent wit:
Nor ſtopp'd at barren bare neceſſity;
But ſtill advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleaſure, elegance, and grace;
And, breathing high ambition thro' his ſoul,
Set ſcience, wiſdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the *Lord* of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers, combin'd,
And form'd a *Public:* to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the *Patriot-Council* met, the full,
The free, and fairly repreſented *Whole*;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Diſtinguiſh'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force *Oppreſſion* chaining, ſet
Imperial Juſtice at the helm; yet ſtill
To them accountable: nor ſlaviſh dream'd
That toiling millions muſt reſign their weal,

And

And all the honey of their ſearch, to ſuch
As for themſelves alone themſelves have rais'd.

HENCE every form of cultivated life
In order ſet, protected, and inſpir'd
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurſe of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower encircled head;
And, ſtretching ſtreet on ſtreet, by thouſands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows ſtrong-ſtraining, her aſpiring ſons.

THEN COMMERCE brought into the public walk
The buſy merchant; the big warehouſe built;
Rais'd the ſtrong crane; chok'd up the loaded ſtreet
With foreign plenty; and thy ſtream, O THAMES,
Large, gentle, deep, majeſtic, king of floods!
Choſe for his grand reſort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry foreſt, groves of maſts
Shot up their ſpires; the bellying ſheet between
Poſſeſs'd the breezy void; the ſooty hulk
Steer'd ſluggiſh on; the ſplendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light ſkimming, ſtretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,
To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold,
The roaring veſſel ruſh'd into the main.

THEN

THEN too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
Its ample roof; and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering ſtores: the canvas ſmooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied roſe; the ſtatue ſeem'd to breathe,
And ſoften into fleſh beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination-fluſh'd.

ALL is the gift of INDUSTRY; whate'er
Exalts, embelliſhes, and renders life
Delightful. Penſive Winter cheer'd by him
Sits at the ſocial fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempeſt idly rave along;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid waſte;
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus tranſmit
Thoſe full, mature, immeaſurable ſtores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering ſong.

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the ſky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the ſpreading day;
Before the ripened field the reapers ſtand,
In fair array; each by the laſs he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameleſs gentle offices her toil.
At once they ſtoop, and ſwell the luſty ſheaves;
While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural ſcandal, and the rural jeſt,
Fly harmleſs, to deceive the tedious time,

And ſteal unfelt the ſultry hours away.
Behind the maſter walks, builds up the ſhocks;
And, conſcious, glancing oft on every ſide
His ſated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners ſpread around, and here and there,
Spike after ſpike, their ſcanty harveſts pick.
Be not too narrow, huſbandmen! but fling
From the full ſheaf, with charitable ſtealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
How good the God of Harvest is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While theſe unhappy partners of your kind
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And aſk their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your ſons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And fortune ſmil'd deceitful, on her birth.
For in her helpleſs years depriv'd of all,
Of every ſtay, ſave Innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By ſolitude and deep-ſurrounding ſhades,
But more by baſhful modeſty, conceal'd.
Together thus they ſhunn'd the cruel ſcorn
Which virtue, ſunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy paſſion and low-minded pride:
Almoſt on Nature's common bounty fed;

Like the gay birds that ſung them to repoſe,
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was freſher than the morning-roſe,
When the dew wets its leaves; unſtain'd, and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain-ſnow.
The modeſt virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithleſs fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy ſtar
Of evening ſhone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs; for lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the moſt.
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe amid the cloſe-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breaſt of *Appenine*,
Beneath the ſhelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle riſes, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flouriſh'd, blooming, and unſeen by all,
The ſweet LAVINIA; till at length compell'd
By ſtrong Neceſſity's ſupreme command,
With ſmiling patience in her looks, ſhe went
To glean PALEMON's fields. The pride of ſwains
PALEMON was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy

And

And elegance, ſuch as *Arcadian* ſong
Tranſmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant cuſtom had not ſhackled Man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his reaper-train
To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye;
Unconſcious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected bluſhes from his gaze:
He ſaw her charming, but he ſaw not half
The charms her down-caſt modeſty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaſte deſire
Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which ſcarce the firm philoſopher can ſcorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſigh'd.

" WHAT pity! that ſo delicate a form,
" By beauty kindled, where enlivening ſenſe
" And more than vulgar goodneſs ſeem to dwell,
" Should be devoted to the rude embrace
" Of ſome indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
" Of old ACASTO's line; and to my mind
" Recalls that patron of my happy life,
" From whom my liberal fortune took its riſe;
" Now to the duſt gone down; his houſes, lands,
" And once fair-ſpreading family diſſolv'd.
" 'Tis ſaid that in ſome lone obſcure retreat,
" Urg'd by remembrance ſad, and decent pride,

" Far from thoſe ſcenes which knew their better days,
" His aged widow and his daughter live,
" Whom yet my fruitleſs ſearch could never find.
" Romantic wiſh! would this the daughter were!"

When, ſtrict enquiring, from herſelf he found
She was the ſame, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful ACASTO; who can ſpeak
The mingled paſſions that ſurpriz'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in ſhivering tranſport ran?
Then blaz'd his ſmother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
Confus'd, and frightened at his ſudden tears,
Her riſing beauties fluſh'd a higher bloom,
As thus PALEMON, paſſionate and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his ſoul.

" And art thou then ACASTO's dear remains,
" She, whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought,
" So long in vain? O heavens! the very ſame
" The ſoftened image of my noble friend,
" Alive his every look, his every feature,
" More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
" Thou ſole ſurviving bloſſom from the root
" That nouriſh'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
" In what ſequeſter'd deſart, haſt thou drawn
" The kindeſt aſpect of delighted HEAVEN!
" Into ſuch beauty ſpread, and blown ſo fair;
" Tho' poverty's cold wind, and cruſhing rain,

" Beat

" Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
" O let me now, into a richer ſoil,
" Tranſplant thee ſafe! where vernal ſuns and ſhowers
" Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt influence;
" And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
" Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
" ACASTO's daughter, his whoſe open ſtores,
" Tho' vaſt, were little to his ampler heart,
" The father of a country, thus to pick
" The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt-fields,
" Which from his bounteous friendſhip I enjoy.
" Then throw that ſhameful pittance from thy hand,
" But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged taſk;
" The fields, the maſter, all, my fair, are thine;
" If to the various bleſſings which thy houſe
" Has on me laviſh'd, thou wilt add that bliſs,
" That deareſt bliſs, the power of bleſſing thee!"

HERE ceas'd the youth: yet ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul,
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs irreſiſtible, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent.
The news immediate to her mother brought;
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, ſhe pin'd away
The lonely moments for LAVINIA's fate;
Amaz'd, and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam

Of ſetting life ſhone on her evening-hours:
Not leſs enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flouriſh'd long in tender bliſs, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themſelves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The ſultry ſouth collects a potent blaſt.
At firſt, the groves are ſcarcely ſeen to ſtir
Their trembling tops; and a ſtill murmur runs
Along the ſoft-inclining fields of corn.
But as the aërial tempeſt fuller ſwells,
And in one mighty ſtream inviſible,
Immenſe, the whole excited atmoſphere,
Impetuous ruſhes o'er the ſounding world;
Strain'd to the root, the ſtooping foreſt pours
A ruſtling ſhower of yet untimely leaves.
High beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the diſſipated ſtorm,
And ſend it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd and naked, to its utmoſt rage,
Thro' all the ſea of harveſt rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Tho' pliant to the blaſt, its ſeizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waſte. And ſometimes too a burſt of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, deſcends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempeſt weaves its gloom, and ſtill
The deluge deepens: till the fields around

Lie

Lie ſunk, and flatted, in the ſordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches ſwell; the meadows ſwim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable ſtreams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whoſe ruſhing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harveſts, cottages, and ſwains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had ſpar'd
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treaſures of the painful year.
Fled to ſome eminence, the huſbandman
Helpleſs beholds the miſerable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Deſcending, with his labours ſcatter'd round,
He ſees; and inſtant o'er his ſhivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye maſters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That ſinks you ſoft in elegance and eaſe;
Be mindful of thoſe limbs in ruſſet clad
Whoſe toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
And oh be mindful of that ſparing board,
Which covers yours with luxury profuſe,
Makes your glaſs ſparkle and your ſenſe rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
And all-involving winds have ſweep'd away.

Here the rude clamour of the ſportſman's joy,
The gun faſt-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the Muſe to ſing the *rural Game*:
How, in his mid-career, the ſpaniel ſtruck,

Stiff,

Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open noſe,
Outſtretch'd and finely ſenſible, *draws* full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the ſun, the circling covey baſk
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
Thro' the rough ſtubble turn the ſecret eye.
Caught in the meſhy ſnare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, intangled more and more:
Nor on the ſurges of the boundleſs air,
Tho' borne triumphant, are they ſafe; the gun,
Glanc'd juſt, and ſudden, from the fowler's eye
O'ertakes their ſounding pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-diſpers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not ſubjects for the peaceful muſe,
Nor will ſhe ſtain with ſuch her ſpotleſs ſong;
Then moſt delighted, when ſhe ſocial ſees
The whole mix'd animal-creation round
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falſely-cheerful barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleaſure, which the reſtleſs youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beaſts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by neceſſity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conſcious ravage ſhun'd the light,
Aſham'd. Not ſo the ſteady tyrant Man,
Who with the thoughtleſs inſolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the moſt infuriate wrath

Of

Of the worſt monſter that e'er roam'd the waſte,
For ſport alone purſues the cruel chace,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawleſs want;
But laviſh fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguiſh, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid boſoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to ſome lone ſeat
Retir'd: the ruſhy fen; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the ſtony heath; the ſtubble chapt;
The thiſtly lawn; the thick intangled broom;
Of the ſame friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the ſun,
Concoctive; and the nodding ſandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her beſt precaution; tho' ſhe ſits
Conceal'd, with folded ears; unſleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take the horizon in;
And head couch'd cloſe betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to ſpring away. The ſcented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In ſcattered ſullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze ſhe hears the coming ſtorm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The ſighing gale, ſhe ſprings amaz'd, and all
The ſavage ſoul of game is up at once;
The pack full-opening, various; the ſhrill horn

Re-

Reſounded from the hills; the neighing ſteed,
Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's ſhout;
O'er a weak, harmleſs, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and diſcordant joy.

The ſtag too, ſingled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the ſhades,
Before the tempeſt drives. At firſt, in ſpeed
He, ſprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
Gives all his ſwift aërial ſoul to flight;
Againſt the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the leſſening murderous cry behind:
Deception ſhort! tho' fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
He burſts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildeſt wood;
If ſlow, yet ſure, adheſive to the track
Hot-ſteaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the ſhady depth
Expel him, circling thro' his every ſhift.
He ſweeps the foreſt oft; and ſobbing ſees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day;
Where, in kind conteſt, with his butting friends
He wont to ſtruggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-deſcending flood he tries
To loſe the ſcent, and lave his burning ſides:
Oft ſeeks the herd; the watchful herd alarm'd,
With ſelfiſh care avoid a brother's woe.
What ſhall he do? His once ſo vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant ſpirit now no more,

In-

Inſpire the courſe; but fainting breathleſs toil,
Sick, ſeizes on his heart; he ſtands at bay;
And puts his laſt weak refuge in deſpair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguiſh; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting cheſt,
And mark his beauteous checker'd ſides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the ſilvan youth,
Whoſe fervent blood boils into violence,
Muſt have the chace; behold, deſpiſing flight,
The rous'd-up lion, reſolute, and ſlow,
Advancing full on the protended ſpear,
And coward band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf; on him his ſhaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell deſtruction, to the monſter's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then
Your ſportive fury, pityleſs, to pour
Looſe on the nightly robber of the fold:
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chace purſue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High-bound, reſiſtleſs; nor the deep moraſs
Refuſe, but thro' the ſhaking wilderneſs
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood

Bear

Bear fearleſs, of the raging inſtinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph ſound ſonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echos toſt;
Then ſcale the mountains to their woody tops;
Ruſh down the dangerous ſteep; and o'er the lawn,
In fancy ſwallowing up the ſpace between,
Pour all your ſpeed into the rapid game.
For happy he! who tops the wheeling chace;
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Diſcloſ'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who ſaw the villain ſeiz'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
Relentleſs torn: O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghoſtly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof; and ſpread
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
The ſtag's large front: he then is loudeſt heard,
When the night ſtaggers with ſeverer toils,
With feats *Theſſalian* Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders ſhake the dome.

But firſt the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
The tankards foam; and the ſtrong table groans
Beneath the ſmoking ſirloin, ſtretch'd immenſe
From ſide to ſide; in which, with deſperate knife,
They deep inciſion make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd

While

While hence they borrow vigour: or amain
Into the paſty plung'd, at intervals,
If ſtomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chace.
Then ſated *Hunger* bids his brother *Thirſt*
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, ſteams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious, as the breath
Of *Maia* to the love-ſick ſhepherdeſs,
On violets diffus'd, while ſoft ſhe hears
Her panting ſhepherd ſtealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honeſt front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Even with the vineyards beſt produce to vie.
To cheat the thirſty moments, whilſt a while
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of ſmoke,
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The ſounding gammon: while romp-loving miſs
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robuſt.

At laſt theſe puling idleneſſes laid
Aſide, frequent and full, the dry divan
Cloſe in firm circle; and ſet, ardent, in
For ſerious drinking. Nor evaſion ſly,
Nor ſober ſhift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart; but earneſt, brimming bowls
Lave every ſoul, the table floating round,

And pavement, faithleſs to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they ſwim in mutual ſwill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels faſt from theme to theme; from horſes, hounds,
To church or miſtreſs, politics or ghoſt,
In endleſs mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Mean-time, with ſudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch burſts from the joyous heart:
That moment touch'd is every kindred ſoul;
And, opening in a full mouth'd *Cry* of joy,
The laugh, the ſlap, the jocund curſe go round;
While, from their ſlumbers ſhook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the muſic of the day again.
As when the tempeſt, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls:
So gradual ſinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite diſſolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the ſun wading thro' the miſty ſky.
Then, ſliding ſoft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glaſſes and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table even itſelf was drunk,
Lie a wet broken ſcene; and wide, below,
Is heap'd the ſocial ſlaughter: where aſtride
The *lubber Power* in filthy triumph ſits,
Slumbrous, inclining ſtill from ſide to ſide,
And ſteeps them drench'd in potent ſleep till morn.
Perhaps ſome doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyſs of drink,

Out-

Out-lives them all; and from his bury'd flock
Retiring, full of rumination ſad,
Laments the weakneſs of theſe latter times.

But if the rougher ſex by this fierce ſport
Is hurried wild, let not ſuch horrid joy
E'er ſtain the boſom of the British Fair.
Far be the ſpirit of the chace from them!
Uncomely courage, unbeſeeming ſkill;
To ſpring the fence, to rein the prancing ſteed;
The cap, the whip, the maſculine attire;
In which they roughen to the ſenſe, and all
The winning ſoftneſs of their ſex is loſt.
In them 'tis graceful to diſſolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready bluſh;
And from the ſmalleſt violence to ſhrink
Unequal, then the lovelieſt in their fears;
And by this ſilent adulation, ſoft,
To their protection more engaging Man.
O may their eyes no miſerable ſight,
Save weeping lovers, ſee! a nobler game,
Thro' Love's enchanting wiles purſu'd, yet fled,
In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the looſe ſimplicity of dreſs!
And, faſhion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to ſeize the captivated ſoul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languiſh; with ſmooth ſtep,

Diſcloſing motion in its every charm,
To ſwim along, and ſwell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the ſnowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new ſlavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties: in their race
To rear their graces into ſecond life;
To give ſociety its higheſt taſte;
Well-order'd Home Man's beſt delight to make;
And by ſubmiſſive wiſdom, modeſt ſkill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raiſe the virtues, animate the bliſs,
And ſweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity, and praiſe.

Ye ſwains, now haſten to the hazel bank;
Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
Falls hoarſe from ſteep to ſteep. In cloſe array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling ſhrub,
Ye virgins come. For you their lateſt ſong
The woodlands raiſe; the cluſtering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the ſecret ſhade;
And, where they burniſh on the topmoſt bough,
With active vigour cruſhes down the tree;
Or ſhakes them ripe from the reſigning huſk,
A gloſſy ſhower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair:
Melinda! form'd with every grace complete,

Yet

Yet theſe neglecting, above beauty wiſe,
And far tranſcending ſuch a vulgar praiſe.

HENCE from the buſy joy-reſounding fields,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taſte, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow ſhower
Inceſſant melts away. The juicy pear
Lies, in a ſoft profuſion, ſcattered round.
A various ſweetneſs ſwells the gentle race;
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;
Of temper'd ſun, and water, earth and air,
In ever changing compoſition mixt.
Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
The fragrant ſtores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the luſty-handed year,
Innumerous, o'er the bluſhing orchard ſhakes.
A various ſpirit, freſh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing cyder for the thirſty tongue:
Thy *native* theme, and boon inſpirer too,
PHILLIPS, *Pomona*'s bard! the ſecond thou
Who nobly durſt, in rhyme-unfetter'd verſe,
With BRITISH freedom ſing the BRITISH ſong:
How, from *Silurian* vats, high-ſparkling wines
Foam in tranſparent floods; ſome ſtrong to cheer
The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
And taſteful ſome, to cool the ſummer hours.

In this glad ſeaſon, while his ſweeteſt beams
The ſun ſheds equal o'er the meekened day,
Oh loſe me in the green delightful walks
Of Dodington, thy ſeat, ſerene and plain;
Where ſimple Nature reigns; and every view,
Diffuſive, ſpreads the pure *Dorſetian* downs,
In boundleſs proſpect; yonder ſhagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harveſt, and there white with flocks!
Mean-time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far-ſplendid, ſeizes on the raviſh'd eye.
New beauties riſe with each revolving day;
New columns ſwell; and ſtill the freſh ſpring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
Full of thy genius all! the Muſes' ſeat:
Where in the ſecret bower, and winding walk,
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.
Here wandering oft, fir'd with the reſtleſs thirſt
Of thy applauſe, I ſolitary court
Th' inſpiring breeze: and meditate the book
Of Nature ever open; aiming thence,
Warm from the heart to learn the moral ſong.
Here, as I ſteal along the ſunny wall,
Where Autumn baſks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleaſing Theme continual prompts my thought:
Preſents the downy peach; the ſhining plumb;
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luſcious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils ſhoots;
Hangs out her cluſters, glowing to the ſouth;
And ſcarcely wiſhes for a warmer ſky.

Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous ſoils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent ſun, elated high,
The vineyard ſwells refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
Profuſe; and drinks amid the ſunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff encreas'd, the heightened blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The cluſters clear,
Half thro' the foliage ſeen, or ardent flame,
Or ſhine tranſparent; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and ſpeak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the cruſhing ſwain; the country floats
And foams unbounded with the maſhy flood:
That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:
The claret ſmooth, red as the lip we preſs
In ſparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-taſted burgundy; and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the gay champaign.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
Deſcend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle ſky unſeen they ſtole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vaſt, ſublime,

Who

Who pours a ſweep of rivers from his ſides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long diviſion, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled ſenſe
Sinks, dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge duſk, gradual, ſwallows up the plain:
Vaniſh the woods; the dim-ſeen river ſeems
Sullen and ſlow, to roll the miſty wave.
Even in the height of noon oppreſt, the ſun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
He frights the nations. Indiſtinct on earth,
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waſte
The ſhepherd ſtalks gigantic. Till at laſt
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles ſtill
Succeſſive cloſing, ſits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formleſs grey confuſion covers all.
As when of old (ſo ſung the HEBREW BARD)
Light, uncollected, thro' the chaos urg'd
Its infant-way; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

THESE roving miſts, that conſtant now begin
To ſmoke along the hilly country, theſe,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine ſnows,
The mountain-ciſterns fill, thoſe ample ſtores
Of water ſcoop'd among the hollow rocks;

Whence

Whence guſh the ſtreams, the ceaſeleſs fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some ſages ſay, that, where the numerous wave
For ever laſhes the reſounding ſhore,
Drill'd thro' the ſandy ſtratum every way,
The waters with the ſandy ſtratum riſe;
Amid whoſe angles infinitely ſtrain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy ſalts behind,
And clear and ſweeten as they ſoak along.
Nor ſtops the reſtleſs fluid, mounting ſtill,
Though oft amidſt th' irriguous vale it ſprings;
But to the mountain courted by the ſand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Freſh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with ſpouting rills. But hence this vain
Amuſive dream! why ſhould the waters love
To take ſo far a journey to the hills,
When the ſweet valleys offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind ambition led aſtray,
They muſt aſpire; why ſhould they ſudden ſtop
Among the broken mountain's ruſhy dells,
And, ere they gain its higheſt peak, deſert
Th' attractive ſand that charm'd their courſe ſo long?
Beſides, the hard agglomerating ſalts,
The ſpoil of ages, would impervious choke
Their ſecret channels; or, by ſlow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the ſwelling vales:
Old Ocean too, ſuck'd thro' the porous globe,

Had

Had long ere now forſook his horrid bed,
And brought *Deucalion*'s wat'ry times again.

SAY then, where lurk the vaſt eternal ſprings,
That, like CREATING NATURE, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their laviſh ſtores
Refreſh the globe, and all its joyous tribe?
O thou pervading *Genius*, given to Man,
To trace the ſecrets of the dark abyſs,
O lay the mountains bare! and wide diſplay
Their hidden ſtructure to th' aſtoniſh'd view!
Strip from the branching *Alps* their piny load;
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
From *Aſian Taurus*, from *Imaus* ſtretch'd
Athwart the roving *Tartar*'s ſullen bounds!
Give opening *Hemus* to my ſearching eye,
And high *Olympus* pouring many a ſtream!
O from the ſounding ſummits of the north,
The *Doſrine Hills*, thro' *Scandanavia* roll'd
To farthеſt *Lapland* and the frozen main;
From lofty *Caucaſus*, far ſeen by thoſe
Who in the *Caſpian* and black *Euxine* toil
From cold *Riphean Rocks*, which the wild *Ruſs*
Believes the * *ſtony girdle* of the world;
And all the dreadful mountains wrapt in ſtorm,
Whence wide *Siberia* draws her lonely floods;
O ſweep th' eternal ſnows! Hung o'er the deep,

* The *Muſcovites* call the *Riphean* Mountains *Weliki Camenypoys*, that is, *the great ſtony Girdle;* becauſe they ſuppoſe them to encompaſs the whole earth.

That

That ever works beneath his ſounding baſe,
Bid *Atlas*, propping heaven, as Poets feign,
His ſubterranean wonders ſpread! unveil
The many caverns, blazing on the day,
Of *Abyſſinia's* cloud-compelling cliffs,
And of the bending † *Mountains of the Moon!*
O'ertopping all theſe giant-ſons of earth,
Let the dire *Andes*, from the radiant Line
Stretch'd to the ſtormy ſeas that thunder round
The ſouthern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
Amazing ſcene! Behold! the glooms diſcloſe,
I ſee the rivers in their infant-beds!
Deep, deep I hear them, labouring to get free!
I ſee the leaning ſtrata, artful rang'd;
The gaping fiſſures to receive the rains,
The melting ſnows, and ever-dripping fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above I ſee the ſands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running cleſts;
That, while the ſtealing moiſture they tranſmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waſte.
Beneath th' inceſſant weeping of theſe drains,
I ſee the rocky ſiphons ſtretch'd immenſe,
The mighty reſervoirs, of harden'd chalk,
Or ſtiff-compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing thence, the congregated ſtores,
The cryſtal treaſures of the liquid world,

† A range of Mountains in *Africa*, that ſurround almoſt all *Monomotapa*.

Thro"

Thro' the ſtirr'd ſands a bubbling paſſage burſt;
And welling out, around the middle ſteep,
Or from the bottoms of the boſom'd hills,
In pure effuſion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling ſun, the vapour-burdened air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
Theſe vapours in continual current draw,
And ſend them, o'er the fair-divided earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A ſocial commerce hold, and firm ſupport
The full-adjuſted harmony of things.

When Autumn ſcatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
The ſwallow-people; and toſs'd wide around,
O'er the calm ſky, in convolution ſwift,
The feathered eddy floats: rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry ſlumbers they retire;
In cluſters clung beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierc'd by froſt, the cavern ſweats.
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of ſeaſon, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months,
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.

Where the *Rhine* loſes his majeſtic force
In *Belgian* plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the ſtrong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,

The ſtork-aſſembly meets; for many a day,
Conſulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid ſky.
And now their rout deſign'd, their leader's choſe,
Their tribes adjuſted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a ſhort eſſay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figured flight aſcends; and, riding high
The aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the *Northern* ocean, in vaſt whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy iſles
Of fartheſt *Thulè*, and the *Atlantic* ſurge
Pours in among the ſtormy *Hebrides*;
Who can recount what tranſmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds ariſe?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
And rude reſounding ſhore are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmleſs native his ſmall flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues,
Tends on the little iſland's verdant ſwell,
The ſhepherd's ſea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or ſweeps the fiſhy ſhore; or treaſures up
The plumage, riſing full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here a while the Muſe,
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean ſcene,
Sees Caledonia, in romantic view:

Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Inveſted with a keen diffuſive ſky,
Breathing the ſoul acute; her foreſts huge,
Incult, robuſt, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extenſive, and of watry wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool tranſlucent brimming flood
Waſh'd lovely, from the *Tweed* (pure *parent-ſtream*,
Whoſe paſtoral banks firſt heard my *Doric* reed,
With ſilvan *Jed*, thy tributary brook)
To where the north-inflated tempeſt foams
O'er *Orca*'s or *Betubium*'s higheſt peak:
Nurſe of a people, in misfortune's ſchool
Train'd up to hardy deeds; ſoon viſited
By *Learning*, when before the *Gothic* rage
She took her weſtern flight. A manly race,
Of unſubmitting ſpirit, wiſe, and brave;
Who ſtill thro' bleeding ages ſtruggled hard,
(As well unhappy WALLACE can atteſt,
Great patriot-hero! ill-requited chief!)
To hold a generous undiminiſh'd ſtate;
Too much in vain? Hence of unequal bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profuſe, their piercing genius plann'd,
And ſwell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.
As from their own clear north in radiant ſtreams,
Bright over *Europe* burſts the *Boreal Morn*.

Oh is there not ſome patriot, in whoſe power
That beſt, that godlike Luxury is plac'd,
Of bleſſing thouſands, thouſands yet unborn,
Thro' late poſterity? ſome, large of ſoul,
To cheer dejected induſtry? to give
A double harveſt to the pining ſwain?
And teach the labouring hand the ſweets of toil?
How, by the fineſt art, the native robe
To weave; how, white as hyperborean ſnow,
To form the lucid lawn; with vent'rous oar
How to daſh wide the billow; nor look on,
Shamefully paſſive, while *Batavian* fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny ſwarms,
That heave our friths, and croud upon our ſhores;
How all-enlivening trade to rouſe, and wing
The proſp'rous ſail, from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the ſea-incircled globe;
And thus, in ſoul united as in name,
Bid Britain reign the miſtreſs of the deep?

Yes, there are ſuch. And full on thee, Argyle,
Her hope, her ſtay, her darling, and her boaſt,
From her firſt patriots and her heroes ſprung,
Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, ſees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wiſdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of ſulphurous war, on *Tenier*'s dreadful field.

Nor leſs the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow:
For, powerful as thy ſword, from thy rich tongue
Perſuaſion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, FORBES, too, whom every worth attends,
As truth ſincere, as weeping friendſhip kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in ſilence great,
Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wiſdom, by thy ſoul inform'd;
And ſeldom has ſhe known a friend like thee.

BUT ſee the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deep'ning over ſhade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, duſk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To ſooty dark. Theſe now the loneſome Muſe,
Low-whiſpering, lead into their leaf-ſtrown walks,
And give the ſeaſon in its lateſt view.

MEAN-TIME, light-ſhadowing all, a ſober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whoſe leaſt wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-ſkirted clouds imbibe the ſun,
And thro' their lucid veil his ſoftened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For thoſe whom Wiſdom and whom Nature charm,
To ſteal themſelves from the degenerate crowd,
And ſoar above this little ſcene of things;

To

To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To ſoothe the throbbing paſſions into peace;
And woo lone *Quiet* in her ſilent walks.

Thus ſolitary, and in penſive guiſe,
Oft let me wander o'er the ruſſet mead,
And thro' the ſaddened grove, where ſcarce is heard
One dying ſtrain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply ſome widowed ſongſter pours his plaint,
Far in faint warblings, thro' the tawny coſpe.
While congregated thruſhes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whoſe artleſs ſtrains ſo late
Swell'd all the muſic of the ſwarming ſhades,
Robb'd of their tuneful ſouls, now ſhivering ſit
On the dead tree, a dull deſpondent flock;
With not a brightneſs waving o'er their plumes,
And nought ſave chattering diſcord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from ſome inhuman eye,
The gun the muſic of the coming year
Deſtroy; and harmleſs, unſuſpecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miſerable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!

The pale deſcending year, yet pleaſing ſtill,
A gentler mood inſpires; for now the leaf
Inceſſant ruſtles from the mournful grove;
Oft ſtartling ſuch as, ſtudious, walk below,
And ſlowly circles thro' the waving air.
But ſhould a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, e'er the ſky the leafy deluge ſtreams;

Till chok'd, and matted with the dreary ſhower,
The foreſt walks, at every riſing gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waſte, and whiſtle bleak.
Fled is the blaſted verdure of the fields;
And, ſhrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their ſunny robes reſign. Even what remain'd
Of ſtronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The deſolated proſpect thrills the ſoul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power
Of Philosophic Melancholy comes!
His near approach the ſudden-ſtarting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The ſoftened feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the ſoul his ſacred influence breathes!
Inflames imagination; thro' the breaſt
Infuſes every tenderneſs; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the ſwelling thought.
Ten thouſand thouſand fleet ideas, ſuch
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Croud faſt into the mind's creative eye.
As faſt the correſpondent paſſions riſe,
As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine aſtoniſhment;
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race; the large ambitious wiſh,
To make them bleſt; the ſigh for ſuffering worth
Loſt in obſcurity; the noble ſcorn

Of

Of tyrant pride; the fearleſs great reſolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inſpiring glory thro' remoteſt time;
Th' awakened throb for virtue, and for fame;
The ſympathies of love, and friendſhip dear;
With all the *ſocial Offspring of the heart.*

Oh bear me then to vaſt embowering ſhades,
To twilight groves, and viſionary vales;
To weeping grottos, and prophetic glooms;
Where angel-forms athwart the ſolemn duſk,
Tremendous ſweep, or ſeem to ſweep along;
And voices more than human, thro' the void
Deep-ſounding, ſeize th' enthuſiaſtic ear!

Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,
That o'er the garden and the rural ſeat
Preſide, which, ſhining thro' the cheerful land
In countleſs numbers, bleſt Britannia ſees;
O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
The fair majeſtic paradiſe of Stowe *!
Not *Perſian Cyrus* on *Ionia*'s ſhore
E'er ſaw ſuch ſilvan ſcenes; ſueh various art
By genius fir'd, ſuch ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious art; that, in the ſtrife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boaſt,
There let me ſit beneath the ſheltered ſlopes,

* The ſeat of the Lord Viſcount *Cobham.*

Or

Or in that † *Temple* where, in future times,
Thou well ſhalt merit a diſtinguiſh'd name;
And, with thy converſe bleſt, catch the laſt ſmiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' inchanted round I walk,
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of *Attic Land*;
Will from thy ſtandard taſte refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the pureſt truth
Of Nature, or, the unimpaſſion'd ſhades
Forſaking, raiſe it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter ſhe, with *juſter* hand,
Shall draw the tragic ſcene, inſtruct her thou,
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every paſſion ſpeaks: O thro' her ſtrain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
Th' attentive ſenate, charms, perſuades, exalts,
Of honeſt zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
And ſhakes corruption on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and thro' *Elyſian Vales*
Delighted rove, perhaps a ſigh eſcapes;
What pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant files
Of order'd trees ſhouldſt here inglorious range,
Inſtead of ſquadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long embattled hoſts! when the proud foe
The faithleſs vain diſturber of mankind,
Inſulting *Gaul*, has rous'd the world to war;
When keen, once more, within their bounds to preſs

† The Temple of Virtue in *Stowe-Gardens*.

Thoſe

Thoſe poliſh'd robbers, thoſe ambitious ſlaves,
The BRITISH YOUTH would hail thy wiſe command,
Thy temper'd ardor and thy veteran ſkill.

THE weſtern ſun withdraws the ſhortened day;
And humid evening, gliding o'er the ſky,
In her chill progreſs, to the ground condens'd
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marſhes ſtagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluſter the rolling fogs, and ſwim along
The duſky-mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the ſcatter'd clouds,
Shews her broad viſage in the crimſon'd eaſt.
Turn'd to the ſun direct, her ſpotted diſk,
Where mountains riſe, umbrageous dales deſcend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube deſcries,
A ſmaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and ſheds a ſofter day.
Now thro' the paſſing cloud ſhe ſeems to ſtoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides ſublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and ſtreaming mild
O'er the ſky'd mountain to the ſhadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundleſs tide
Of ſilver radiance, trembling round the world.

BUT when half blotted from the ſky her light,
Fainting, permits the ſtarry fires to burn
With keener luſtre thro' the depth of heaven;
Or near extinct her deadened orb appears,

And

And ſcarce appears, of ſickly beamleſs white;
Oft in this ſeaſon, ſilent from the north
A blaze of meteors ſhoots: enſweeping firſt
The lower ſkies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapſing quick, as quickly reaſcend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguiſh, and renew,
All ether courſing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious thro' the crowd,
The panic runs, and into wondrous ſhapes
Th' appearance throws: Armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aërial ſpears, and ſteeds of fire;
Till the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commixt, the ſanguine flood
Rolls a broad ſlaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they ſcan the viſionary ſcene,
On all ſides ſwells the ſuperſtitious din,
Incontinent; and buſy frenzy talks
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
And late at night in ſwallowing earthquake ſunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce aſcending flame;
Of fallow famine, inundation, ſtorm;
Of peſtilence, and every great diſtreſs;
Empires ſubvers'd, when ruling fate has ſtruck
The unalterable hour: even Nature's ſelf
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not ſo the Man of philoſophic eye,
And inſpect ſage; the waving brightneſs he
Curious ſurveys, inquiſitive to know

The cauſes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
A ſhade immenſe. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vaſt, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
Diſtinction loſt; and gay variety
One univerſal blot: ſuch the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the ſtate of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
Nor viſited by one directive ray,
From cottage ſtreaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps impatient as he ſtumbles on,
Struck from the root of ſlimy ruſhes, blue,
The wild-fire ſcatters round, or gathered trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moſs:
Whither decoy'd by the fantaſtic blaze,
Now loſt and now renew'd, he ſinks abſorpt,
Rider and horſe, amid the miry gulf:
While ſtill, from day to day, his pining wife,
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture loſt. At other times,
Sent by the *better Genius* of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horſe's mane,
The meteor ſits; and ſhews the narrow path,
That winding leads thro' pits of death, or elſe
Inſtructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

THE

The lengthened night elaps'd, the morning ſhines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the laſt autumnal day.
And now the mounting ſun diſpels the fog;
The rigid hoar-froſt melts before his beam;
And hung on every ſpray, on every blade
Of graſs, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah ſee where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the ſtill heaving hive! at evening ſnatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er ſulphur: while not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat-tending public cares, and planning ſchemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoiced
To mark, full flowing round their copious ſtores.
Sudden the dark oppreſſive ſteam aſcends;
And, us'd to milder ſcents, the tender race,
By thouſands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the duſt.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
Ceaſeleſs the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn ſearch'd the blooming waſte,
Nor loſt one ſunny gleam? for this ſad fate?
O Man! tyrannic Lord! how long, how long,
Shall proſtrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,
Muſt you deſtroy? Of their ambroſial food
Can you not borrow; and, in juſt return,

Afford

Afford them ſhelter from the wintry winds;
Or, as the ſharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on ſome ſmiling day?
See where the ſtony bottom of their town
Looks deſolate, and wild; with here and there
A helpleſs number, who the ruin'd ſtate
Survive, lamenting weak, caſt out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feaſt, or ſunk in ſleep,
(As late, *Palermo*, was thy fate) is ſeiz'd
By ſome dread earthquake, and convulſive hurl'd,
Sheer from the black foundation, ſtench-involv'd,
Into a gulf of blue ſulphureous flame.

Hence every harſher ſight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,
Infinite ſplendor! wide inveſting all.
How ſtill the breeze! ſave what the filmy threads
Of dew evapourate bruſhes from the plain.
How clear the cloudleſs ſky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch
How ſwell'd immenſe! amid whoſe azure thron'd
The radiant ſun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harveſt-treaſures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of ſtorms,
Sure to the ſwain; the circling fence ſhut up;
And inſtant Winter's utmoſt rage defy'd.
While, looſe to feſtive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud ſincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-ſtrung youth

By the quick ſenſe of muſic taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toaſt,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks; and where her eye
Points an approving ſmile, with double force,
The cudgel rattles, and the wreſtler twines.
Age too ſhines out; and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That, with to-morrow's ſun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceaſing round.

Oh knew he but his happineſs, of Men
The happieſt he! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a *choice Few* retir'd
Drinks the pure pleaſures of the Rural Life.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whoſe proud gate,
Each morning vomits out the ſneaking crowd
Of flatterers falſe, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourſe! What tho' the glittering robe
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating looſe, or ſtiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppreſs him not?
What tho', from utmoſt land and ſea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his inſatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl
Flames not with coſtly juice; nor ſunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he toſſes out the night,
Or melts the thoughtleſs hours in idle ſtate?
What tho' he knows not thoſe fantaſtic joys,
That ſtill amuſe the wanton, ſtill deceive;

A face of pleaſure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a ſolid life, eſtrang'd
To diſappointment, and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven deſcends in ſhowers; or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richeſt ſap:
Theſe are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, ſpread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of ſtreams,
And hum of bees, inviting ſleep ſincere
Into the guiltleſs breaſt, beneath the ſhade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor ought beſides of proſpect, grove, or ſong,
Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too dwells ſimple truth; plain innocence;
Unſullied beauty; ſound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever-blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic eaſe.

Let others brave the flood in queſt of gain,
And beat, for joyleſs months, the gloomy wave.
Let ſuch as deem it glory to deſtroy,
Ruſh into blood, the ſack of cities ſeek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's ſhriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let ſome, far diſtant from their native ſoil,

Urg'd or by want or hardened avarice,
Find other lands beneath another ſun.
Let *this* through cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and eſtabliſh'd guile,
The ſocial ſenſe extinct; and *that* ferment
Mad into tumult the ſeditious herd,
Or melt them down to ſlavery. Let *theſe*
Inſnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting diſcord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and *thoſe* of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Deluſive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuſe the lying ſmile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of ſtate.
While he, from all the ſtormy paſſions free
That reſtleſs Men involve, hears, and but hears,
At diſtance ſafe, the human tempeſt roar,
Wrapt cloſe in conſcious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the cruſh of ſtates,
Move not the Man, who, from the world eſcap'd
In ſtill retreats, and flowery ſolitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
Admiring, ſees her in her every ſhape;
Feels all her ſweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what ſhe liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the burſting gems,
Marks the firſt bud, and ſucks the healthful gale
Into his freſhened ſoul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,

And

And not an opening bloſſom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living ſhade,
Such as o'er frigid *Tempe* wont to wave,
Or *Hemus* cool, reads what the Muſe, of theſe
Perhaps, has in immortal number ſung;
Or what ſhe dictates writes: and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow luſtre gilds the world,
And tempts the ſickled ſwain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart diſtends
With gentle throes; and, thro' the tepid gleams
Deep-muſing, then he *beſt* exerts his ſong.
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliſs.
The mighty tempeſt, and the hoary waſte,
Abrupt, and deep, ſtretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to ſolemn thought. At night the ſkies,
Diſcloſ'd, and kindled, by refining froſt,
Pour every luſtre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the ſtealing hours ſecure,
And mark them down for wiſdom. With ſwift wing,
O'er land and ſea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breaſt heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modeſt eye, whoſe beams on his alone
Extatic ſhine; the little ſtrong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to pleaſe him, calling forth
The fond parental ſoul. Nor purpoſe gay,

Amuſement, dance, or ſong, he ſternly ſcorns;
For happineſs and true philoſophy
Are of the ſocial ſtill, and ſmiling kind.
This is the life which thoſe who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himſelf, with Man!

Oh Nature! all-ſufficient! over all!
Inrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profuſely ſcatter'd o'er the blue immenſe,
Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to ſcan; thro' the diſcloſing deep
Light my blind way: the mineral *ſtrata* there;
Thruſt, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the riſing ſyſtem, more complex,
Of animals; and higher ſtill, the mind,
The varied ſcene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing paſſions endleſs ſhift;
Theſe ever open to my raviſh'd eye;
A ſearch, the flight of time can ne'er exhauſt!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In ſluggiſh ſtreams about my heart forbid
That *beſt* ambition; under cloſing ſhades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whiſper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my ſong;
And let me never never ſtray from Thee!

BRITISH MUSEUM
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MAY

Winter

WINTER.

The ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Addreſs to the Earl of WILMINGTON. *Firſt approach of Winter. According to the natural courſe of the ſeaſon, various ſtorms deſcribed. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the ſnows: A man periſhing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miſeries of human life. The wolves deſcending from the* Alps *and* Apennines. *A winter-evening deſcribed: as ſpent by philoſophers; by the country people; in the city. Froſt. A view of Winter within the* polar Circle. *A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future ſtate.*

WINTER.

SEE WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and ſad, with all his riſing train;
Vapours, and *Clouds*, and *Storms*. Be theſe my theme,
Theſe! that exalt the ſoul to ſolemn thought,
And heavenly muſing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careleſs ſolitude I liv'd,
And ſung of Nature with unceaſing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin-ſnows, myſelf as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burſt;
Or ſeen the deep fermenting tempeſt brew'd,
In the grim evening ſky. Thus paſs'd the time,
Till, thro' the lucid chambers of the ſouth
Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out, and ſmil'd.

To thee, the patron of *her firſt* eſſay,
The Muſe, O WILMINGTON! renews her ſong.
Since has ſhe rounded the revolving year:
Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne,
Attempted thro' the Summer-blaze to riſe;
Then ſwept o'er Autumn with the ſhadowy gale;
And now among the wintry clouds again,

Roll'd

Roll'd in the doubling ſtorm, ſhe tries to ſoar;
To ſwell her note with all the ruſhing winds;
To ſuit her ſounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy! could ſhe fill thy judging ear
With bold deſcription, and with manly thought.
Nor art thou ſkill'd in awful ſchemes alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodneſs, ſound integrity,
A firm unſhaken uncorrupted ſoul
Amid a ſliding age, and burning ſtrong,
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
A ſteady ſpirit regularly free;
Theſe, each exalting each, the ſtateſman light
Into the patriot; theſe, the public hope
And eye to the converting, bid the Muſe
Record what envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the cheerleſs empire of the ſky
To *Capricorn* the *Centaur Archer* yields,
And fierce *Aquarius* ſtains th' inverted year;
Hung o'er the fartheſt verge of heaven, the ſun
Scarce ſpreads thro' ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual ſhoot
His ſtruggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Thro' the thick air; as cloth'd in cloudy ſtorm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he ſkirts the ſouthern ſky;
And ſoon-deſcending, to the long dark night,
Wide-ſhading all, the proſtrate world reſigns.
Nor is the night unwiſh'd: while vital heat,

Light,

Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forſake.
Mean-time, in ſable cincture, ſhadows vaſt,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppreſſive o'er the world,
Thro' Nature ſhedding influence malign,
And rouſes up the ſeeds of dark diſeaſe.
The ſoul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Freſh from the plough, the dun diſcolour'd flocks,
Untended ſpreading, crop the wholeſome root.
Along the woods, along the mooriſh fens,
Sighs the ſad *Genius* of the coming ſtorm;
And up among the looſe disjointed cliffs,
And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, preſageful, ſend a hollow moan
Reſounding long in liſtening Fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempeſt forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. Firſt joyleſs rains obſcure
Drive thro' the mingling ſkies with vapour foul;
Daſh on the mountain's brow, and ſhake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. The unſightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhauſted ſtill
Combine, and deepening into night ſhut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire; ſave thoſe that love

To

To take their paſtime in the troubled air,
Or ſkimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from th' untaſted fields return,
And aſk, with meaning lowe, their wonted ſtalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous ſhade.
Thither the houſehold feathery people crowd,
The creſted cock, with all his female train,
Penſive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his ſimple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the ſtorm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent ſwell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erſpread,
At laſt the rous'd-up river pours along:
Reſiſtleſs, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the moſſy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and ſounding far;
Then o'er the ſanded valley floating ſpreads,
Calm, ſluggiſh, ſilent; till again, conſtrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it burſts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid ſtream;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

Nature! great parent! whoſe unceaſing hand
Rolls round the Seaſons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majeſtic, are thy works!
With what a pleaſing dread they ſwell the ſoul!

That

That ſees aſtoniſh'd! and aſtoniſh'd ſings!
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boiſterous ſweep, I raiſe my voice to you.
Where are your ſtores, ye powerful beings! ſay,
Where your aërial magazines reſerv'd,
To ſwell the brooding terrors of the ſtorm?
In what far-diſtant region of the ſky,
Huſh'd in deep ſilence, ſleep ye when 'tis calm?

When from the pallid ſky the ſun deſcends,
With many a ſpot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, ſtain'd; red fiery ſtreaks
Begin to fluſh around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poiſe, as doubting yet
Which maſter to obey: while riſing ſlow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd eaſt, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
The ſtars obtuſe, emit a ſhivered ray;
Or frequent ſeem to ſhoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in ſhort eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broadened noſtrils to the ſky up-turn'd,
The conſcious heifer ſnuffs the ſtormy gale.
Even as the matron, at her nightly taſk,
With penſive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The waſted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blaſt. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the ſky, its changes ſpeak.

Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their ſcanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight,
And ſeek the cloſing ſhelter of the grove;
Aſſiduous in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his ſad ſong. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and ſcreams along the land.
Loud ſhrieks the ſoaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling ſea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal preſs'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the ſhore,
Eat into caverns by the reſtleſs wave,
And foreſt-ruſtling mountain, comes a voice,
That ſolemn ſounding bids the world prepare.
Then iſſues forth the ſtorm with ſudden burſt,
And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down, in a torrent. On the paſſive main
Deſcends th' etherial force, and with ſtrong guſt
Turns from its bottom the diſcolour'd deep.
Thro' the black night that ſits immenſe around,
Laſh'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thouſand raging waves to burn:
Mean-time the mountain-billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult ſwell'd, ſurge above ſurge,
Burſt into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their ſtations drive,
Wild as the winds acroſs the howling waſte
Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
Straining they ſcale, and now impetuous ſhoot
Into the ſecret chambers of the deep,

The

The wintry *Baltic* thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their courſe,
And dart on diſtant coaſts; if ſome ſharp rock,
Or ſhoal inſidious break not their career,
And in looſe fragments fling them floating round.

Nor leſs at land the looſened tempeſt reigns.
The mountain thunders; and its ſturdy ſons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they ſhade,
Lone on the midnight ſteep, and all aghaſt,
The dark way-faring ſtranger breathleſs toils,
And, often falling, climbs againſt the blaſt.
Low waves the rooted foreſt, vex'd, and ſheds
What of its tarniſh'd honours yet remain;
Daſh'd down, and ſcatter'd, by the tearing wind's
Aſſiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus ſtruggling thro' the diſſipated grove,
The whirling tempeſt raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen faſtening, ſhakes them to the ſolid baſe.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the ſavage blaſt.
Then too, they ſay, thro' all the burden'd air,
Long groans are heard, ſhrill ſounds, and diſtant ſighs,
That, utter'd by the Demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
With ſtars ſwift gliding ſweep along the ſky.

All nature reels. Till Nature's KING, who oft
Amid tempeſtuous darkneſs dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully ſerene, commands a calm;
Then ſtraight, air, ſea, and earth are huſh'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into ſolid gloom.
Now, while the drowſy world lies loſt in ſleep,
Let me aſſociate with the ſerious *Night*,
And *Contemplation* her ſedate compeer;
Let me ſhake off th' intruſive cares of day,
And lay the meddling ſenſes all aſide.

WHERE now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, diſappointment, and remorſe.
Sad, ſickening thought! and yet deluded Man,
A ſcene of crude diſjointed viſions paſt,
And broken ſlumbers, riſes ſtill reſolv'd,
With new-fluſh'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

FATHER of light and life! thou GOOD SUPREME!
O teach me what is good! teach me THYSELF!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low purſuit! and feed my ſoul
With knowledge, conſcious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, ſubſtantial, never-fading bliſs!

THE

The keener tempeſts riſe; and fuming dun
From all the livid eaſt, or piercing north,
Thick clouds aſcend; in whoſe capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to ſnow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the ſky ſaddens with the gathered ſtorm.
Thro' the huſh'd air the whitening ſhower deſcends,
At firſt thin wavering; 'till at laſt the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and faſt, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cheriſh'd fields
Put on their winter robe of pureſt white.
'Tis brightneſs all; ſave where the new ſnow melts
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid ſun
Faint from the weſt emits his evening ray,
Earth's univerſal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waſte, that buries wide
The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with ſnow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel ſeaſon, croud around
The winnowing ſtore, and claim the little boon
Which Providence aſſigns them. One alone,
The red-breaſt, ſacred to the houſehold gods,
Wiſely regardful of th' embroiling ſky,
In joyleſs fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His ſhivering mates, and pays to truſted Man
His annual viſit. Half afraid, he firſt
Againſt the window beats; then, briſk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,

Eyes all the ſmiling family aſkance,
And pecks, and ſtarts, and wonders where he is:
'Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his ſtender feet. The foodleſs wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beſet
By death in various forms, dark ſnares, and dogs,
And more unpitying Men, the garden ſeeks,
Urg'd on by fearleſs want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the gliſtening earth,
With looks of dumb deſpair; then, ſad-diſpers'd,
Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of ſnow.

Now, ſhepherds, to your helpleſs charge be kind,
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the ſtorm,
And watch them ſtrict: for from the bellowing eaſt,
In this dire ſeaſon, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapleſs flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempeſt whelms; 'till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a ſhining mountain ſwells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the ſky.

As thus the ſnows ariſe; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air;
In his own looſe-revolving fields, the ſwain
Diſaſter'd ſtands; ſees other hills aſcend,
Of unknown joyleſs brow; and other ſcenes,

Of

Of horrid proſpect, ſhag the trackleſs plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the foreſt, hid
Beneath the formleſs wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, ſtill more and more aſtray;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Ruſh on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How ſinks his ſoul!
What black deſpair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the duſky ſpot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage riſing thro' the ſnow,
He meets the roughneſs of the middle waſte,
Far from the track, and bleſt abode of Man;
While round him night reſiſtleſs cloſes faſt,
And every tempeſt, howling o'er his head,
Renders the ſavage wilderneſs more wild.
Then throng the buſy ſhapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire deſcent! beyond the power of froſt;
Of faithleſs bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with ſnow; and what is land, unknown,
What water, of the ſtill unfrozen ſpring,
In the looſe marſh or ſolitary lake,
Where the freſh fountain from the bottom boils.
Theſe check his fearful ſteps; and down he ſinks
Beneath the ſhelter of the ſhapeleſs drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterneſs of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguiſh Nature ſhoots
Thro' the wrung boſom of the dying Man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unſeen.

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the veſtment warm;
In vain his little children peeping out
Into the mingling ſtorm, demand their ſire,
With tears of artleſs innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more ſhall he behold,
Nor friends, nor ſacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter ſeizes; ſhuts up ſenſe;
And o'er his inmoſt vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the ſnows, a ſtiffened corſe,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blaſt.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround;
They, who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waſte;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment, death
And all the ſad variety of pain—
How many ſink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame—How many bleed,
By ſhameful variance betwixt Man and Man—
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs—How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of miſery—Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs poverty—How many ſhake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,

Unbounded

Unbounded paſſion, madneſs, guilt, remorſe;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furniſh matter for the tragic muſe—
Even in the vale, where wiſdom loves to dwell,
With friendſhip, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honeſt paſſions, droop
In deep retired diſtreſs—How many ſtand
Around the death-bed of their deareſt friends,
And point the parting anguiſh. Thought fond Man
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills,
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life,
One ſcene of toil, of ſuffering, and of fate,
Vice in his career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rambling Impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wiſh Benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial paſſions work.

And here can I forget the generous * band,
Who, touch'd with human woe, redreſſive ſearch'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied, and unheard, where miſery moans;
Where ſickneſs pines; where thirſt and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the laſh of vice.
While in the land of liberty, the land
Whoſe every ſtreet and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;

* The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

Snatch'd

Snatch'd the lean morſel from the ſtarving mouth;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;
Even robb'd them of the laſt of comforts, ſleep;
The free-born BRITON to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the luſt of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleaſure mark'd him with inglorious ſtripes;
And cruſh'd out lives, by ſecret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled
O great deſign! if executed well,
With patient care, and wiſdom temper'd zeal.
Ye ſons of mercy! yet reſume the ſearch;
Drag forth the legal monſters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppreſſion's iron-rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much ſtill untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law, (what dark inſidious Men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen ſimple juſtice into trade)
How glorious were the day! that ſaw theſe broke,
And every Man within the reach of right.

BY wintry famine rous'd, from all the track
Of horrid mountains which the ſhining *Alps*,
And wavy *Appenine* and *Pyrenees*,
Branch out ſtupendous into diſtant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
Aſſembling wolves in raging troops deſcend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,

Keen

Keen as the north-wind ſweeps the gloſſy ſnow.
All is their prize. They faſten on the ſteed,
Preſs him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or ſhake the murdering ſavages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the ſcreaming infant from her breaſt.
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Even beauty, force divine! at whoſe bright glance
The generous lion ſtands in ſoften'd gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapleſs undiſtinguiſh'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the ſevere attack,
The country be ſhut up, lur'd by the ſcent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The diſappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The ſhrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul ſhades, and frighted ghoſts, they howl.

Among thoſe hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy *Griſons dwell;*
Oft, ruſhing ſudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of ſnow their gathering terrors roll.
From ſteep to ſteep, loud-thundering down they come,
A wintry waſte in dire commotion all;
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and ſwains,
And ſometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets ſleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the ſmothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigors of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without

The

The ceaſeleſs winds blow ice. be my retreat,
Between the groaning foreſt and the ſhore
Beat by the boundleſs multitude of waves,
A rural, ſhelter'd, ſolitary, ſcene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
To cheer the gloom. There ſtudious let me ſit,
And hold high converſe of the MIGHTY DEAD;
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who bleſt mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th' inſpiring thought, I throw aſide
The long-liv'd volume; and, deep-muſing, hail
The ſacred ſhades, that ſlowly-riſing paſs
Before my wondering eyes. Firſt SOCRATES,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted ſtate,
Againſt the rage of tyrants *ſingle* ſtood,
Invincible! calm Reaſon's holy law,
That *voice* of GOD within th' attentive mind,
Obeying, fearleſs, or in life, or death;
Great moral teacher! *Wiſeſt of mankind!*
SOLON the next, who built his common-weal
On equity's wide baſe; by *tender laws*
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,
Preſerving ſtill that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
And of bold freedom, they unequal'd ſhone,
The pride of ſmiling GREECE, and human-kind.
LYCURGUS then, who bow'd beneath the force
Of ſtricteſt diſcipline, *ſeverely wiſe*,
All human paſſions. Following him, I ſee,

As

As at *Thermopylæ* he glorious fell,
The firm * DEVOTED CHIEF, who prov'd by deeds
The hardeſt leſſon which the *other* taught.
Then ARISTIDES lifts his honeſt front;
Spotleſs of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice
Of freedom gave the nobleſt name of *Juſt*;
In pure majeſtic poverty rever'd;
Who, even his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, ſwell'd a haughty † *Rival*'s fame.
Rear'd by his care, of ſofter ray appears
CIMON ſweet-ſoul'd; whoſe genius, riſing ſtrong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The ſcourge of *Perſian* pride, at home the friend
Of every worth and every ſplendid art;
Modeſt, and ſimple, in the pomp of wealth.
Then the laſt worthies of declining GREECE,
Late call'd to glory, in *unequal* times,
Penſive, appear. The fair *Corinthian* boaſt,
TIMOLEON, happy temper! mild and firm,
Who wept the *Brother*, while the *Tyrant* bled.
And, equal to the beſt, the ‡ THEBAN PAIR,
Whoſe virtues, in *heroic Concord* join'd,
Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
He too, with whom *Athenian* honour ſunk,
And left a maſs of ſordid lees behind,
PHOCION the *Good*; in public life ſevere,
To virtue ſtill inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illuſtrious roof,

* LEONIDAS. † THEMISTOCLES.
‡ PELOPIDAS and EPAMINONDAS.

Sweet peace and happy wiſdom ſmooth'd his brow;
Not friendſhip ſofter was, nor love more kind.
And he, the *laſt* of old LYCURGUS' ſons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt,
To ſave a rotten State, AGIS, who ſaw
Even SPARTA's ſelf to ſervile avarice ſunk.
The two *Achaian* heroes cloſe the train.
ARATUS, who a while relum'd the ſoul
Of fondly lingering liberty in GREECE:
And he her darling as her lateſt hope,
The *gallant* PHILOPEMON; who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
Or toiling in his farm, a ſimple ſwain;
Or, bold and ſkilful, thundering in the field.

OF rougher front, a mighty people come!
A race of heroes! in thoſe virtuous times
Which knew no ſtain, ſave that with partial flame
Their *deareſt* country they *too fondly* lov'd —
Her *better Founder*, firſt, the light of ROME,
NUMA, who ſoften'd her rapacious ſons—
SERVIUS the *King*, who laid the ſolid baſe
On which o'er earth the *vaſt Republic* ſpread.
Then the great conſuls venerable riſe—
The * PUBLIC FATHER who the *Private* quell'd,
As on the dread tribunal ſternly ſad—
He, whom his thankleſs country *could not* loſe,
CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her foes—
FABRICIUS, ſcorner of all-conquering gold;

* MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

And

And CINCINATUS, awful from the plough—
Thy * WILLING VICTIM, *Carthage*, burſting looſe
From all that pleading Nature could oppoſe,
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command—
SCIPIO, the *gentle chief*, humanely brave,
Who ſoon the race of ſpotleſs glory ran,
And warm in youth, to the *Poetic ſhade*
With *Friendſhip* and *Philoſophy* retir'd—
TULLY, whoſe powerful eloquence a while
Reſtrain'd the *rapid* fate of ruſhing ROME—
Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in *extreme*—
And thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of heart,
Whoſe ſteady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
Lifted the *Roman ſteel* againſt thy *Friend*.
Thouſands beſides the tribute of a verſe
Demand; but who can count the ſtars of heaven?
Who ſing their influence on this lower world?

BEHOLD, who yonder comes! in ſober ſtate,
Fair, mild, and ſtrong, as is a vernal ſun:
'Tis *Phœbus'* ſelf, or elſe the *Mantuan Swain!*
Great HOMER too appears, of daring wing,
Parent of ſong! and *equal* by his ſide,
The BRITISH MUSE; join'd-hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle ſteep to fame.
Nor abſent are thoſe ſhades, whoſe ſkilful touch
Pathetic drew the impaſſioned heart, and charm'd

* REGULUS.

Tranſported *Athens* with the MORAL SCENE:
Nor thoſe who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting LYRE.

FIRST of your kind! ſociety divine!
Still viſit thus my nights, for you reſerv'd,
And mount my ſoring ſoul to thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
See on the hallowed hour that none intrude,
Save a few choſen friends, who ſometimes deign
To bleſs my humble roof, with ſenſe refin'd,
Learning digeſted well, exalted faith,
Unſtudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
Or from the Muſes' hill will POPE deſcend;
To raiſe the ſacred hour, to bid it ſmile,
And with the ſocial ſpirit warm the heart:
For tho' not ſweeter his own HOMER ſings,
Yet is his life the more endearing ſong.

WHERE art thou, HAMMOND? thou the darling pride,
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!
Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where diſcloſing faſt
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou raviſh'd from our hope ſo ſoon!
What now avails that noble thirſt of fame,
Which ſtung thy fervent breaſt? that treaſur'd ſtore
Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To ſerve thy country, glowing in the band
Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who ſuſtain her name?
What now, alas! that life-diffuſing charm

Of

Of ſprightly wit? that rapture for the Muſe,
That heart of friendſhip, and that ſoul of joy,
Which bade with ſofteſt light thy virtues ſmile?
Ah! only ſhew'd, to check our fond purſuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

THUS in ſome deep retirement would I paſs
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant ſoul,
Or blithe, or ſolemn, as the theme inſpir'd:
With them would ſearch, if Nature's boundleſs frame
Was call'd, late-riſing from the void of night,
Or ſprung *eternal* from th' ETERNAL MIND;
Its life, its laws, its progreſs, and its end.
Hence larger proſpects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;
And each diffuſive harmony unite
In full perfection, to th' aſtoniſh'd eye.
Then would we try to ſcan the *moral world*,
Which, tho' to us it ſeems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,
By WISDOM's fineſt hand, and iſſuing all
In *general Good*. The ſage hiſtoric Muſe
Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time:
Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In ſcatter'd ſtates; what makes the nations ſmile,
Improves their ſoil, and gives them double ſuns;
And why they pine beneath the brighteſt ſkies,
In nature's richeſt lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray

Of pureſt heaven, which lights the public ſoul
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerleſs humble fortune, to repreſs
Theſe ardent riſings of the kindling ſoul;
Then, even ſuperior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
Thro' ſhades and plains, along the ſmootheſt ſtream
Of rural life; or, ſnatch'd away by hope,
Thro' the dim ſpaces of futurity,
With earneſt eye anticipate thoſe ſcenes
Of happineſs, and wonder; where the mind,
In endleſs growth and infinite aſcent,
Riſes from ſtate to ſtate, and world to world.
But when with theſe the ſerious thought is foil'd,
We, ſhifting for relief, would play the ſhapes
Of frolic fancy; and inceſſant form
Thoſe rapid pictures, that aſſembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively *Wit* excites to gay ſurpriſe;
Or folly-painting *Humour*, grave himſelf,
Calls laughter forth deep-ſhaking every nerve.

Mean-time the village rouſes up the fire;
While well atteſted, and as well believ'd,
Heard ſolemn, goes the goblin ſtory round;
Till ſuperſtitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the ſounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Ruſtic mirth goes round;
The ſimple joke that takes the ſhepherd's heart,
Eaſily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, ſincere;

The

The kiſs, ſnatch'd haſty from the ſide-long maid,
On purpoſe guardleſs, or pretending ſleep;
The leap, the ſlap, the haul; and, ſhook to notes
Of native muſic, the reſpondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

THE city ſwarms intenſe. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt diſcourſe,
Hums indiſtinct. The ſons of riot flow
Down the looſe ſtream of falſe inchanted joy,
To ſwift deſtruction. On the rankled ſoul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong ſink.
Up-ſprings the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thouſand ſprightly ways.
The glittering court effuſes every pomp;
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and ſparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A ſoft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
While, a gay inſect in *his* ſummer-ſhine,
The fop, light-fluttering, ſpreads his mealy wings.

DREAD o'er the ſcene, the ghoſt of HAMLET ſtalks;
OTHELLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns;
And BELVIDERA pours her ſoul in love.
Terror alarms the breaſt; the comely tear
Steels o'er the cheek: or elſe the COMIC MUSE
Holds to the world a picture of itſelf,
And raiſes fly the fair impartial laugh.

Some-

Sometimes ſhe lifts her ſtrain, and paints the ſcenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous * BEVIL ſhew'd.

O THOU, whoſe wiſdom, ſolid, yet refin'd,
Whoſe patriot-virtues, and conſummate ſkill
To touch the finer ſprings that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the *Graces* can beſtow,
And all *Appollo's* animating fire,
Give thee, with pleaſing dignity, to ſhine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
Of poliſh'd life; permit the *Rural Muſe*,
O CHESTERFIELD, to grace with thee her ſong!
Ere to the ſhades again ſhe humbly flies,
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
(For every Muſe has in thy train a place)
To mark thy various full-accompliſh'd mind:
To mark that ſpirit, which, with *Britiſh ſcorn*,
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power;
That elegant politeneſs, which excels,
Even in the judgment of preſumptuous *France*,
The boaſted manners of her ſhining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of ſenſe,
The truth of Nature, which, with *Attic* point,
And kind well-temper'd ſatire, ſmoothly keen,
Steals thro' the ſoul, and without pain corrects.
Or, riſing thence with yet a brighter flame,
O let me hail thee on ſome glorious day,

* A character in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS, written by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

When

When to the liſtening ſenate, ardent, croud
BRITANNIA's ſons to hear her pleaded cauſe.
Then dreſt by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the ſoft robe of mild perſuaſion wears:
Thou to aſſenting reaſon giv'ſt again
Her own enlightened thoughts; call'd from the heart,
Th' obedient paſſions on thy voice attend;
And even reluctant party feels a while
Thy gracious power: as thro' the varied maze
Of eloquence, now ſmooth, now quick, now ſtrong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muſe:
For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
Froſty, ſucceed; and thro' the blue ſerene,
For ſight too fine, th' etherial nitre flies;
Killing infectious damps, and the ſpent air
Storing afreſh with elemental life.
Cloſe crouds the ſhining atmoſphere; and binds
Our ſtrengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
Conſtringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our ſpirits, thro' the new-ſtrung nerves,
In ſwifter ſallies darting to the brain;
Where ſits the ſoul, intenſe, collected, cool,
Bright as the ſkies and as the ſeaſon keen.
All nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtleſs eye
In ruin ſeen. The froſt-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable ſoul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.

A ſtronger glow ſits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along
The purer rivers flow their ſullen deeps,
Tranſparent, open to the ſhepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarſer at the fixing froſt.

WHAT art thou, froſt? and whence are thy keen ſtores
Deriv'd, thou ſecret all-invading power,
Whom even th' illuſive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unſeen,
Myriads of little ſalts, or hook'd, or ſhap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immenſe
Thro' water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of winter deep ſuffus'd,
An icy gale, oft ſhifting o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arreſts the bickering ſtream. The looſened ice,
Let down the flood, and half diſſolv'd by day,
Ruſtles no more; but to the ſedgy bank
Faſt grows, or gathers round the pointed ſtone,
A cryſtal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, ſeiz'd from ſhore to ſhore,
The whole impriſon'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noiſe; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the diſtant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the haſty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-ſounding plain

Shakes

Shakes from afar. The full etherial round,
Infinite worlds diſcloſing to the view,
Shines out intenſely keen; and, all one cope
Of ſtarry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Thro' the ſtill night, inceſſant, heavy, ſtrong,
And ſeizes Nature faſt. It freezes on;
Till morn, late riſing o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the ſilent night:
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb caſcade,
Whoſe idle torrents only ſeem to roar,
The pendent icicle; the froſt-work fair,
Where tranſient hues, and fancy'd figures riſe;
Wide-ſpouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The foreſt bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the froſt refin'd the whiter ſnow,
Incruſted hard, and ſounding to the tread
Of early ſhepherd, as he penſive ſeeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the ſlippery ſurface, ſwift deſcends.

On blithſome frolicks bent, the youthful ſwains,
While every work of Man is laid at reſt,
Fond o'er the river croud, in various ſport
And revelry diſſolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happieſt of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Laſhes the whirling top. Or, where the *Rhine*
Branch'd

Branch'd out in many a long canal extends.
From every province ſwarming, void of care,
Batavia ruſhes forth; and as they ſweep,
On ſounding ſkates, a thouſand different ways,
In circling poiſe, ſwift as the winds, along,
The *then gay* land is maddened all to joy.
Nor leſs the northern courts, wide o'er the ſnow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid ſleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-reſounding courſe. Mean-time to raiſe
The manly ſtriſe, with highly blooming charms,
Fluſh'd by the ſeaſon, *Scandinavia's* dames,
Or *Ruſſia's* buxom daughters glow around.

Pure, quick, and ſportful is the wholeſome day;
But ſoon elaps'd. The horizontal ſun,
Broad o'er the ſouth, hangs at his utmoſt noon:
And, ineffectual, ſtrikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloſs the mountain ſtill mantains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;
Or from the foreſt falls the cluſter'd ſnow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they ſcatter. Thick around
Thunders the ſport of thoſe, who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the ſhot,
Worſe than the ſeaſon, deſolate the fields;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Diſtreſs the footed or the feather'd game.

But

But what is this? Our infant Winter ſinks,
Diveſted of his grandeur, ſhould our eye
Aſtoniſh'd ſhoot into the *Frigid Zone;*
Where, for relentleſs months, continual night
Holds o'er the glittering waſte her ſtarry reign.

There, thro' the priſon of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from eſcape,
Wide-roams the *Ruſſian* exile. Nought around
Strikes his ſad eye, but deſarts loſt in ſnow;
And heavy-loaded groves; and ſolid floods,
That ſtretch, athwart the ſolitary vaſt,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main;
And cheerleſs towns far-diſtant, never bleſs'd,
Save when its annual courſe the caravan
Bends to the golden coaſt of rich * *Cathay*,
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;
Yet cheriſh'd there, beneath the ſhining waſte,
The furry nations harbour: tipt with jet,
Fair ermines, ſpotleſs as the ſnows they preſs;
Sables, of gloſſy black; and dark embrown'd,
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,
Thouſands beſides, the coſtly pride of courts.
There, warm together preſs'd the trooping deer
Sleep on the new fallen ſnows; and, ſcarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies ſlumbering ſullen in the white abyſs.
The ruthleſs hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,

* The old name for *China*.

Nor with the dread of ſounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak againſt the mountain-heaps they puſh
Their beating breaſt in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th' enſanguin'd ſnows,
And with loud ſhouts rejoicing bears them home.
There thro' the piny foreſt half-abſorpt,
Rough tenant of theſe ſhades, the ſhapeleſs bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, ſtalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and ſourer as the ſtorms increaſe,
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And with ſtern patience, ſcorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart againſt aſſailing want.

Wide o'er the ſpacious regions of the north,
That ſee *Boötes* urge his tardy wain,
A boiſterous race, by froſty * *Caurus* pierc'd,
Who little pleaſure know and fear no pain,
Prolific ſwarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of loſt mankind in poliſh'd ſlavery ſunk,
Drove martial † horde on horde, with dreadful ſweep
Reſiſtleſs ruſhing o'er th' enfeebled ſouth,
And gave the vanquiſh'd world another form.
Not ſuch the ſons of *Lapland:* wiſely they
Deſpiſe th' inſenſate barbarous trade of war;
They aſk no more than ſimple Nature gives,

* The North-Weſt Wind.

† The wandering *Scythian Clans.*

They

They love their mountains and enjoy their ſtorms.
No falſe deſires, no pride-created wants,
Diſturb the peaceful current of their time;
And thro' the reſtleſs ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleaſure, or ambition, bid it rage.
Their rain-deer form their riches. Theſe their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholeſome fare, and cheerful cups.
Obſequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the ſled their necks, and whirl them ſwift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanſe
Of marbled ſnow, as far as eye can ſweep
With a blue cruſt of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaſeleſs ſhake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons and ſtars that keener play
With doubled luſtre from the gloſſy waſte,
Even in the depth of *Polar Night*, they find
A wondrous day: enough to light the chace,
Or guide their daring ſteps to *Finland*-fairs.
Wiſh'd Spring returns; and from the hazy ſouth,
While dim Aurora ſlowly moves before,
The welcome ſun, juſt verging up at firſt,
By ſmall degrees extends the ſwelling curve!
Till ſeen at laſt for gay rejoicing months,
Still round and round, his ſpiral courſe he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and re-aſcends the ſky.
In that glad ſeaſon, from the lakes and floods,

Where pure * *Niemi*'s fairy mountains riſe,
And fring'd with roſes † *Tenglio* rolls his ſtream,
They draw the copious fry. With theſe, at eve,
They cheerful-loaded to their tents repair;
Where, all day long in uſeful cares employ'd,
Their kind unblemiſh'd wives the fire prepare.
Thrice happy race! by poverty ſecur'd
From legal plunder and rapacious power:
In whom fell intereſt never yet has ſown
The ſeeds of vice: whoſe ſpotleſs ſwains ne'er knew
Injurious deed, nor, blaſted by the breath
Of faithleſs love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still preſſing on beyond *Tornea*'s lake,
And *Hecla* flaming thro' a waſte of ſnow,
And fartheſt *Greenland*, to the pole itſelf,
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
The Muſe expands her ſolitary flight;

* *M. de Maupertuis*, in his book on *the Figure of the Earth*, after having deſcribed the beautiful lake and mountain of *Niemi* in *Lapland* ſays,—"*From this height we had an opportu-*
"*nity ſeveral times to ſee thoſe vapours riſe from the lake which the*
"*people of the country call* Haltios, *and which they deem to be the*
"*guardian ſpirits of the mountains. We had been frighted with*
"*ſtories of bears that haunted this place, but ſaw none. It ſeem'd*
"*rather a place of reſort for* Fairies *and* Genii, *than bears.*"

† The ſame Author obſerves——"*I was ſurpriz'd to ſee up-*
"*on the banks of this river* (*the* Tenglio) *roſes of as lively a red*
"*as any that are in our gardens.*"

And,

And, hovering o'er the wild ſtupendous ſcene,
Beholds new ſeas beneath * another ſky.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing court;
And thro' his airy hall the loud miſrule
Of driving tempeſt is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all-ſubduing froſt;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treaſures up his ſnows,
With which he now oppreſſes half the globe.

THENCE winding eaſtward to the *Tartar*'s coaſt,
She ſweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where undiſſolving, from the firſt of time,
Snows ſwell on ſnows amazing to the ſky;
And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the ſhivering ſailor from afar,
Shapeleſs and white, an atmoſphere of clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the ſurge,
Alps frown on Alps; or ruſhing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide rend the deep, and ſhake the ſolid pole.
Ocean itſelf no longer can reſiſt
The binding fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempeſt taken by the boundleſs froſt,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanſe,

* The other hemiſphere.

Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerleſs, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conſcious ſouthward. Miſerable they!
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their laſt look of the deſcending ſun;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold froſt,
The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the * BRITON's fate,
As with *firſt* prow, (what have not BRITONS dar'd!)
He for the paſſage ſought, attempted ſince
So much in vain, and ſeeming to be ſhut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In theſe fell regions, in *Arzinia* caught,
And to the ſtony deep his idle ſhip
Immediate ſeal'd, he with his hapleſs crew,
Each full exerted at his ſeveral taſk,
Froze into ſtatues; to the cordage glued
The ſailor, and the pilot to the helm.

HARD by theſe ſhores, where ſcarce his freezing ſtream
Rolls the wild *Oby*, live the laſt of Men;
And half enlivened by the diſtant ſun,
That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants,
Here human Nature wears its rudeſt form.
Deep from the piercing ſeaſon ſunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waſte the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,

* Sir HUGH WILLOUGHBY, ſent by QUEEN ELISABETH to diſcover the north-eaſt paſſage.

Doze

Doze the groſs race. Nor ſprightly jeſt, nor ſong,
Nor tenderneſs they know; nor aught of life,
Beyond the kindred bears that ſtalk without.
Till morn at length, her roſes drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quivered ſavage to the chace.

What cannot active government perform,
New-moulding Man? Wide-ſtretching from theſe ſhores,
A people ſavage from remoteſt time,
A huge neglected empire, one vast Mind,
By Heaven inſpir'd, from Gothic darkneſs call'd.
Immortal Peter! firſt of monarchs! He
His ſtubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her ſeas, her ill-ſubmitting ſons;
And while the fierce *Barbarian* he ſubdu'd,
To more exalted ſoul he rais'd the *Man*.
Ye ſhades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd
Thro' long ſucceſſive ages to build up
A labouring plan of ſtate, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchleſs prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty ſhadow of unreal power;
Who greatly ſpurn'd the ſlothful pomp of courts;
And roaming every land, in every port
His ſceptre laid aſide, with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the ſeeds of trade, of uſeful arts,
Of civil wiſdom, and of martial ſkill.
Charg'd with the ſtores of *Europe* home he goes!

Then

Then cities riſe amid th' illumin'd waſte;
O'er joyleſs deſarts ſmiles the rural reign;
Far-diſtant flood to flood is ſocial join'd;
Th' aſtoniſh'd *Euxine* hears the *Baltic* roar;
Proud navies ride on ſeas that never foam'd
With daring keel before; and armies ſtretch
Each way their dazzling files, repreſſing here
The frantic *Alexander* of the north,
And awing there ſtern *Othman*'s ſhrinking ſons.
Sloth flies the land, and *Ignorance*, and *Vice*,
Of old diſhonour proud: it glows around,
Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the whole,
One ſcene of arts, of arms, of riſing trade:
For what his wiſdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
More potent ſtill, his great *example* ſhew'd.

MUTTERING, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-bluſtering from the ſouth. Subdu'd,
The froſt reſolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains ſhine; looſe ſleet deſcends,
And floods the country round. The rivers ſwell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thouſand ſnow-fed torrents ſhoot at once;
And, where they ruſh, the wide-reſounding plain
Is left one ſlimy waſte. Thoſe ſullen ſeas,
That waſh'd th' ungenial pole, will reſt no more
Beneath the ſhackles of the mighty north;
But, rouſing all their waves, reſiſtleſs heave.
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs

Athwart

Athwart the riſted deep: at once it burſts,
And piles a thouſand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, toſt amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the ſhelter of an icy iſle,
While night o'erwhelms the ſea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' aſſembled miſchiefs that beſiege them round?
Heart gnawing hunger, fainting wearineſs,
The roar of winds and waves, the cruſh of ice,
Now ceaſing, now renewed with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful ſport,
Tempeſt the looſened brine, while thro' the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhoſpitable ſhore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famiſh'd monſter, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet PROVIDENCE, that *ever-waking* eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals loſt to hope, and lights them ſafe,
Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'TIS done! dread WINTER ſpreads his lateſt glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His deſolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
See here thy pictur'd life; paſs ſome few years,

Thy

Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent ſtrength,
The ſober Autumn fading into age,
And pale-concluding Winter comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene. Ah! whither now are fled,
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs? thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs? thoſe longings after fame?
Thoſe reſtleſs cares? thoſe buſy buſtling days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent, feſtive nights? thoſe veering thoughts
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
All now are vaniſh'd! VIRTUE ſole ſurvives,
Immortal never-failing friend of Man,
His guide to happineſs on high. And ſee!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the ſecond birth
Of heaven, and earth! awakening Nature hears
The *new creating word*, and ſtarts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free. *The great eternal ſcheme*,
Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
Uniting, as the proſpect wider ſpreads,
To Reaſon's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wiſe! ye blind preſumptuous! now,
Confounded in the duſt, adore that POWER,
And WISDOM oft arraign'd: ſee now the cauſe,
Why unaſſuming worth in ſecret liv'd,
And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's ſhare
In life was gall and bitterneſs of ſoul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In ſtarving ſolitude; while luxury,
In palaces lay ſtraining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,

And

And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of ſuperſtition's ſcourge: why licens'd pain,
That cruel ſpoiler, that emboſom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliſs. Ye good diſtreſt!
Ye noble few! who here unbending ſtand
Beneath life's preſſure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only ſaw
A little part, deem'd Evil, is no more:
The ſtorms of WINTRY TIME will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.

A HYMN.

HYMN.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, theſe,
Are but the *varied* GOD. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleaſing Spring
THY beauty walks, THY tenderneſs and love.
Wide fluſh the fields; the ſoftening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the foreſt ſmiles;
And every ſenſe, and every heart is joy.
Then comes THY glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then THY ſun
Shoots full perfection thro' the ſwelling year:
And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder ſpeaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whiſpering gales.
THY bounty ſhines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And ſpreads a common feaſt for all that lives.
In Winter awful THOU! with clouds and ſtorms
Around THEE thrown, tempeſt o'er tempeſt roll'd,
Majeſtic darkneſs! on the whirlwind's wing,

Riding

Riding ſublime, THOU bidſt the world adore,
And humbleſt Nature with THY northern blaſt.

MYSTERIOUS round! what ſkill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in theſe appear! a ſimple train,
Yet ſo delightful mix'd, with ſuch kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, ſo ſoftening into ſhade;
And all ſo forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill.
But wandering oft, with brute unconſcious gaze,
Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-buſy, wheels the ſilent ſpheres;
Works in the ſecret deep; ſhoots, ſteaming, thence
The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring:
Flings from the ſun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempeſt forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.

NATURE, attend! join every living ſoul,
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raiſe
One general ſong! To HIM, ye vocal gales,
Breathe ſoft, whoſe SPIRIT in your freſhneſs breathes:
Oh talk of HIM in ſolitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the ſcarcely waving pine
Fills the brown ſhade with a religious awe.
And ye, whoſe bolder note is heard afar,
Who ſhake th' aſtoniſh'd world, lift high to heaven

Th' impetuous ſong, and ſay from whom you rage.
His praiſe, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muſe along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye ſofter floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majeſtic main,
A ſecret world of wonders in thyſelf,
Sound His ſtupendous praiſe; whoſe greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft-roll your incenſe, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to HIM; whoſe ſun exalts,
Whoſe breath perfumes you, and whoſe pencil paints.
Ye foreſts bend, ye harveſts wave, to HIM;
Breathe your ſtill ſong into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth aſleep
Unconſcious lies, effuſe your mildeſt beams,
Ye conſtellations, while your angels ſtrike,
Amid the ſpangled ſky, the ſilver lyre.
Great ſource of day! beſt image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praiſe.
The thunder rolls; be hush'd the proſtrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the ſolemn hymn.
Blest out afreſh, ye hills: ye moſſy rocks,
Retain the ſound: the broad reſponſive lowe,
Ye valleys, raiſe; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns,

And

And his *unſuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands, all awake: a boundleſs ſong
Burſt from the groves! and when the reſtleſs day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world aſleep,
Sweeteſt of birds! ſweet Philomela, charm
The liſtening ſhades, and teach the night His praiſe.
Ye chief for whom the whole creation ſmiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in ſwarming cities vaſt,
Aſſembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-reſounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At ſolemn pauſes, through the ſwelling baſe;
And, as each mingling flame increaſes each,
In one united ardor riſe to heaven.
Or if you rather chuſe the rural ſhade,
And find a fane in every ſacred grove;
There let the ſhepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting ſeraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still ſing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.
For me; when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the bloſſom blows, the ſummer-ray
Ruſſets the plain, *inſpiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter riſes in the blackening eaſt;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

SHOULD fate command me to the farthеſt verge
Of the green earth, to diſtant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to ſong; where firſt the ſun

Gilds

Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his ſetting beam
Flames on th' *Atlantic* iſles; 'tis nought to me:
Since GOD is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void waſte as in the city full;
And where HE vital breathes there muſt be joy.
When even at laſt the ſolemn hour ſhall come,
And wing my myſtic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will riſing wonders ſing: I cannot go
Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not ſmiles around,
Suſtaining all yon orbs, and all their ſons;
From *ſeeming Evil* ſtill educing *Good*,
And *Better* thence again, and *Better* ſtill,
In infinite progreſſion. But I loſe
Myſelf in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE!
Come then, expreſſive ſilence, muſe HIS praiſe.

THE END.